HORTON-CAREY

BOOK THREE

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HORTON-CAREY READERS

BOOK THREE

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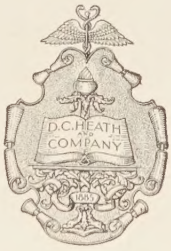

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PREFACE

The main object in this series of readers is to broaden the vision of the child so that he may enjoy the language of the classic. By training him to interpret nature in all her phases and to read understandingly the easier masterpieces of our language, a finer appreciation is developed, for unless the charm of a book can be felt, it is lost.

This Third Book carries the pupil further into the realms of fairyland, and legends and folklore have a deeper meaning.

The stories have been graded to meet his growing intelligence and satisfy his thirst for the wonderful, the humorous, and the beautiful.

The fundamental vocabulary has been adhered to, but expanded and enhanced by means of quotations with the hope of enticing the pupil further into the art gallery of literature.

Thanks are hereby extended to Mr. George G. Harrap, Publisher, London, for his permission to adapt the story of The Magic Cherry Tree from his group of Troubadour Romances.

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HORTON-CAREY READER
BOOK THREE

I love the song of birds,
And children's early words.

CHARLES MACKEY.

ROBIN HOOD — THE KNIGHT OF SHERWOOD FOREST

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
  And turn his merry note
  Unto the sweet bird's throat?
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
  Here shall he see
  No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

SHAKESPEARE.

It was a long time ago, in a country far over the sea. There lived the good Knight William and his gentle wife with their little son Robin.

Robin was a brave lad even from his earliest childhood, and was known far and wide over the country side.

Every one loved him. Every one was proud of him. He was the Little Knight.

His mother had taught him to read and write and to be very polite to every one.

His father had taught him how to shoot with a bow and arrow.

Sometimes Robin saw that his father looked sad and worn. Then would he say to him: "See, father, the sunbeams are dancing in and out the trees, and listen how the birds are singing. Let us go over to the greenwood and shoot at a target."

The kind father's face would beam with joy and together they would set out for a game.

These happy years passed only too quickly. Robin was now about fourteen years old, when one day he came home in great excitement and said: "Oh, father! the Normans are bearing down upon us! Do you think they will take our lands?"

Only too true were the words of Robin. In a short time their home was attacked. His father was killed and he and his mother had to flee.

But the shock was too great for his gentle mother. In a short time she died.

Thus the Little Knight in only a few days lost his father and mother, his home and lands. Do you wonder he was sad and lonely?

He had to work now, and work hard too; but he still kept his bow and arrow, and whenever he could he would go into the forest and there shoot at targets.

ROBIN — THE ARCHER

It is now two years since Robin lost his father and mother, his home and lands. Often indeed he longed for those happy days of childhood.

The Normans had taken his home, his lands, and the beautiful forest with its game. They had to guard them now, and to do so had officers called foresters to watch over and protect them.

Early one morning Robin was awakened by the horn of the hunters starting out for a day's sport. He said to himself:

> "The hunt is up, the hunt is up
> And it is well nigh day."

But he could not help feeling downcast because he no longer might join the merry troop. Yet being a brave lad he would not let the happiness of others make him unhappy, so he began to

sing to himself an old song taught to him when a little boy:

"The sun is glad to see us clad
All in our lusty green,
And smiles in the sky as he rises high
To see and to be seen."

Robin dressed hastily and, taking up his bow and arrow, started for the peaceful greenwood. He whistled merrily to himself as he walked along:

"Jog on, jog on this foot pathway,
And merrily pass the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
A sad one tires a mile-a."

He had not gone far, however, before he was stopped by three foresters.

"Who are you?" asked one of them in a harsh voice. "And who gave you permission to walk through this greenwood?"

"Sir," replied Robin, "I do no harm in the forest."

"Indeed," said another forester, "then why this bow and arrow, why this woodknife?"

"Any one can see you mean mischief by your very dress," added the third forester.

"I am on my way to a shooting match to be held to-morrow," answered Robin. His face beamed with pleasure at the thought of the game.

A loud laugh, a jeer, followed this answer from Robin.

"You, a mere boy like you, going to shoot with trained, skilled men!" and again they laughed.

"Go home, go back home and wait until you are a man," they said to him.

"I can hit any target you set up," said our Robin.

"Hear this fellow brag about himself," the foresters said, and again they jeered at him.

"Will you choose a target for me?" proudly answered Robin.

"Take him at his word," said one of the men. So one of them placed the target. Then he stepped back, took careful aim, and hit it almost in the center.

"Now, boaster, see what you can do!" With-

out a word Robin drew his arrow to his ear, took aim. The bowstring rang and the arrow hit the center of the target.

With an expression of joy on his young face he turned to the foresters and said, "Are you satisfied now?"

"Oh, that was only a mere chance shot; you cannot do it again."

"Try me," was his reply. "I will shoot again if you wish."

Just then in the distance a large deer came in sight. The beautiful animal, head erect, stood sniffing the breeze.

"There is a target, try that," said one of the foresters.

Robin chose an arrow, took careful aim. Twang!

"Ah, singing the fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him."

The noble animal leaped into the air and then dropped to the ground.

"Beat his timid heart no longer."

"Seize him!" cried the foresters. "He has killed a deer! He has broken the laws!"

Too late Robin saw the mistake he had made. He could not return home. He knew the punishment that awaited him from the Norman rulers, if he were caught. His only safety was in flight.

In those far-off days there were many unjust laws and many good men were forced from their homes and had to live and hide in the woods.

These Robin joined. He made his home in Sherwood Forest. After a time he was chosen leader of the Sherwood Forest band, and he is sometimes called the leader of the greenwood.

Always kind, always fair in dealing with his men, he was trusted and loved by all.

"Yes, Robin Hood so gentle was
And bore so brave a mind,
If any in distress did pass,
To them he was most kind.
That he would give and lend to them,
And help them in their need;
This made the poor all pray for him
And wish his might well speed."

After some years spent in the greenwood, Robin met one day the fair Maid Marian. She married Robin and lived happily with him in the greenwood.

And this is the song she loved to sing:

I sit upon a stile,
And I sing a little while,
As I wait for my own true dear, O,
For the sun is shining bright,
And the leaves are dancing light,
And the little bird sings he near, O.

SCOTT.

HONOR TO ALL THE SHERWOOD CLAN

Yet let us sing —
Honor to the old bowstring!
Honor to the bugle horn!
Honor to the woods unshorn!
Honor to the Lincoln green!
Honor to the archer keen!
Honor to bold Robin Hood
Sleeping in the underwood!
Honor to Maid Marian
And to all the Sherwood clan!

JOHN KEATS.

ALFRED — A TRUE KNIGHT

Long, long ago there lived in England a good and wise king, named Ethelwulf.

Ethelwulf's wife was the beautiful Osburga. She was noted not only for her beauty but also for her learning and kindness.

They had four sons, the youngest of whom was named Alfred.

Osburga was very proud of her four boys, but she loved the youngest, Alfred, better than the rest. Perhaps it was because he was delicate and not so sturdy as his brothers.

At this time the country was divided into seven states, and Ethelwulf allowed his older sons to rule as king over one or the other of these states.

Now it chanced when Alfred was four years old that King Ethelwulf went on a visit to Rome and took little Alfred with him.

We do not know how long Alfred remained in Rome, but young as he was, he learned much during his visit there.

When once more at home in England, his

mother, the beautiful Osburga, did her best to make her four sons clever, good men.

She herself was noted for her learning. One day she called her boys to her side and showed them a beautiful book full of lovely pictures. Then she read to them from the book.

The four young princes were delighted and charmed with the book.

"Now," said Osburga, "I will give this beautiful book to the one who first learns to read from it."

Each of the four princes made up his mind to win the prize. But Alfred, the youngest, studied night and day. While his brothers were off hunting, he would be found working over his books.

It was not long before he was able to read, and going to his mother he asked to be allowed to try for the prize.

Osburga was indeed pleased with her youngest boy. He won the prize.

But this was only the beginning of what he did. He loved books and even before he could read, he had learned by heart many poems from

hearing the minstrels and glee men sing them in his father's hall.

When Alfred was twenty-one years old, Ethelred, the last of his kingly brothers, was killed by the Danes.

The Danes were a strong, warlike people, who time and again came over to England to steal and murder and take what they wished.

Alfred was now king, and for many years had to fight these hardy seamen.

Often he would say to himself: "I must save my people from these Danish warriors. But how?"

At last a bright thought came to him. Dressed like a harper, he went about the country as a minstrel, singing and playing on his harp.

He would play for the Danes resting on the river bank or in their tents.

The Danes thought he was only a poor minstrel trying to earn a living. They liked his songs and his playing and often let him come into their tents.

Here Alfred learned many of their secrets. He saw where they were weak and where they were strong. So well did he know their plans that he felt sure that he could meet them again in battle.

The Danes loved his songs and his ways so much that they begged him to join them. But he got away, returned home, and called his own brave men around him once more.

Not long after this at the head of his own true men, he met the Danes and defeated them on the banks of the River Avon.

Now that his country had peace, Alfred began to help his people.

He first sent for wise teachers to come to his country to teach his people.

He himself taught them how to build ships. He also taught them how to build houses of

stone and brick instead of wood and thatch.

His laws were wise and good.

That he might be able to help his people more, he divided his day into three parts of eight hours each.

Eight hours he gave to sleep, to his meals, and exercise, eight to study and prayer, and eight to the affairs of state.

There were no clocks at this time, so Alfred had candles made, each candle large enough to burn for eight hours. Three candles measured one day.

He is said to have marked or measured his time by the burning of candles.

No prince ever made such efforts to help his people. And no prince ever loved his people more truly than did Alfred.

He was not only the greatest warrior and the greatest statesman, but he was the greatest scholar in his country.

His people loved him and trusted him. He was called "the shepherd of his people, the darling of the English, the wisest man in England."

He taught us
To hold
In loving reverence
Poor men and their work,
Great men and their work,
God and his work.

JOHN RUSKIN.

THE MAGIC CHERRY TREE

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I'll begin it— Ding, dong, bell,
Ding, dong, bell.

SHAKESPEARE.

It was long, long ago in a far-away land not far from the home of the forest fairies.

In the hush of the evening twilight, one could hear the little horns of Elfland piping to the silver moon, as she sailed across the blue sky.

Here in this happy spot Duke Francis and his lovely wife Isabel made their home.

They were happy, very happy in their forest home.

It was springtime, and the pretty blue-eyed violets were again decking the green lap of Mother Earth.

Happier still were they when on a bright May morning a little daughter was born to them.

"What shall we call our little one?" said Duke Francis to his wife. "Let us find a name for our little blue-eyed queen. For queen she is of our hearts."

At last they made up their minds to call their daughter Celeste, which means "of Heaven."

Little Celeste grew from babyhood into childhood. She grew more beautiful each day.

But now a sad thing happened.

A war broke out, and Duke Francis was called to fight for his country.

In a few days he called his wife Isabel and bade her farewell. He said: "Sweet Isabel, this war has taken from us our beautiful home and lands. I have little to leave you as I go. But here is a magic cherry stone. I brought it from Palestine when I fought there with my king. I plucked the cherry from a tree as I passed by it on my homeward way."

Isabel was so saddened at the loss of Duke Francis that in a short time she fell sick and died.

So it was left to little Celeste to plant her father's cherry stone.

At the death of her mother, Celeste had to move to a little house. She bade farewell to her kind servants and friends and started life anew in her little cottage.

She planted the cherry stone in her garden and carefully watered it morning and night.

It grew and grew, and in a few years bore beautiful, red, bright cherries.

Her cherries were the biggest and the reddest you ever saw.

Celeste would gather her cherries and share them with the good people near her home; for she would say to herself:

"All who joy would win, must share it—
Happiness was born a twin."

Now it chanced one day that Celeste took her ladder, climbed up her tree, and gathered a basket of her beautiful cherries.

It was a hot day and when she came down the ladder she felt tired. So she set her basket on the grass under the tree, and fell fast asleep.

As she slept, a wicked uncle of hers passed by. He looked over the fence and saw Celeste asleep beside the basket filled with the reddest cherries he had ever seen.

"Now is my chance!" said he to himself.

He opened the gate, stepped up very softly, picked up the basket, and went off with the prize.

When Celeste awoke, she was much surprised to find her basket gone. "Yet," said she to herself, "I will not grumble, for perhaps some

traveler in passing was tired and hungry, saw the cherries, and took them. They will help some one."

Her uncle took the cherries to the prince in the next town, hoping thereby to win his favor and gain more land and money.

When the prince tasted the cherries he was much pleased, for they were very fine. Never had he eaten such cherries before. The more he ate the more he wanted. Indeed, whoever tasted these cherries always longed for more.

This was the case with the prince. He longed and longed for more cherries. At last he said that whatever lady would bring him such cherries he would make his wife.

You may be sure many ladies came, each bringing the finest cherries she could find; each hoping to wed the prince and become herself a princess.

As Celeste sat in her garden, she saw these handsome and beautiful ladies passing along the road, some in carriages and some on horseback. She asked where they were going and was told it was the wedding day of the prince.

At first Celeste was sad, for said she to herself: "I should like to see the prince. I should like to see all the beautiful ladies at his wedding. I should like to hear the beautiful music and see the gay knights in all their finery."

Soon a bright thought came to her, and she said to herself, "Maybe if I took the prince a basket of my cherries, he would be pleased and let me stand in his court and see the procession pass."

So she filled her basket with her reddest and ripest cherries and started for the palace.

When she reached the palace, the porter at the door would not let her in. But when he saw her cherries he said, "Give me some cherries and I will let you in."

"I will give you a few from the edge of my basket," said Celeste, "for you must know I brought them for the prince on his wedding day."

The porter took some cherries and went away. When he returned he let her in.

The prince, who had tasted all the cherries that the different ladies had brought him, was sad. None satisfied him.

As he turned to go away, the porter said to him, "There is a maiden without that would speak with thee."

The prince went out and saw, standing in the court, the lovely Celeste with her basket of cherries on her arm.

He said to her, "What wouldst thou?"

Celeste answered: "O kind prince, they told me this was thy wedding day. I thought if I brought thee a basket of my cherries, thou

wouldst let me stand in thy court and see thee pass. See, I have brought thee a basket of my cherries, if it so please thee."

As the prince looked at her, he thought he had never in all his life seen so fair a maiden.

At last he said, "If thy cherries are as beautiful as thyself, I have indeed a double treasure."

Then the prince took a bunch of cherries from her basket. As soon as he had tasted them, he knew they were the selfsame cherries he had tasted before and longed for ever since.

"Now I have indeed found what I have longed for," said the prince. He stepped down to meet and greet his cherry maid.

"If thou wilt be my wife and the princess of my realm, happy, thrice happy, shall I be," said the prince.

So Celeste married the prince and lived happily always remembering that —

> "All who joy would win, must share it, —
> Happiness was born a twin."

This is the story the fairy told me seated under the cherry tree.

THE BEGGAR MAID

Her arms across her breast she laid;
  She was more fair than words can say;
Barefooted came the beggar maid
  Before the King Cophetua.
In robe and crown the king stepped down,
  To meet and greet her on her way.
"It is no wonder," said the lords,
  "She is more beautiful than day."

As shines the moon in clouded skies,
  She in her poor attire was seen;
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
  One her dark hair and lovesome mien.
So sweet a face, such angel grace,
  In all that land had never been.
Cophetua sware a royal oath,
  "This beggar maid shall be my queen."

TENNYSON.

RED RIDING HOOD

'Tis the story of a child,
Very good and very mild,
  Sweetly dressed in poppy red,
  From her toes up to her head.
Ever has my heart been gay,
With Red Riding Hood to play
  Long, long ago.

I know I cannot tell this story to you as it was told to me long, long ago.

It is about a little child, a fair little girl, who was the queen of her home.

Her heart was full of sunshine. She was dressed in red, like the big round sun in the sky that looks with its great eye of love on the whole world.

Yes, she was dressed all in red from the top of her head.

Her mother had made her a pretty red hood and cape. She wore red stockings and had little red shoes on her feet.

All over the country side she was called Red Riding Hood. But her mother called her Cerise.

One morning her mother called Red Riding Hood and said to her, "Now, Cerise, I want you to take this cake and butter to grandmother."

It was a lovely bright sunny morning and Red Riding Hood was glad to go on this little visit.

She loved her old grandmother dearly and was happy at the thought of taking her some sweet butter and cake.

Putting on her red hood and cape, her red stockings, and little red shoes, she started off.

The road to her grandmother's house was through the woods. It was springtime and the ground was covered with blue and white violets.

Here and there the columbine could be seen, and under the trees Jack in the Pulpit was standing.

Little Red Riding Hood looked down at the lovely flowers, then up into the trees.

She heard the sweet clear songs of the robin and the bluebird. They seemed to say to her, "Spring is here."

At last she said to herself, "I must take some of the pretty flowers to grandmother." As she stooped to gather some violets and columbine she saw the little bees who were busy gathering honey.

She said to them: "Dear little busy bees, you may have the honey. I will not hurt you."

Then she gathered her flowers and started off once more for her grandmother's house.

She passed a wood cutter and sweetly said to him, "Good morning, sir." Then she ran on.

She had not gone very far before a big gray wolf came up to her.

The big gray wolf looked at little Red Riding Hood and said to her, "Where are you going this fine morning?"

"Oh, good morning," said the little girl, "I am going to my grandmother's with some nice sweet butter and some cake."

"And where does your grandmother live?" said the wolf.

"At the other side of the woods in a little house near the brook," said little Red Riding Hood.

"Well, well," said the big wolf, "that is not so far from here. You will soon be there."

With that he left the little girl and started off. He took a short cut across the wood to get to the grandmother's house before Red Riding Hood.

Red Riding Hood stopped again and again to pick pretty flowers for her grandmother.

She gathered blue violets, white violets, columbine, and the pretty pink lady slippers.

Then she went quickly on. "I must be quick," she said to herself, "for grandmother wants the sweet butter and cake."

THE GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE

When the big gray wolf left little Red Riding Hood in the woods, he ran very fast to the grandmother's house.

It took him about ten minutes to get there.

He went up to the door and tapped at it very gently.

"Who is there?" said the dear old grandmother.

Then the bad gray wolf said, "It is I; it is your little Red Riding Hood."

"Pull the string, my dear, and the door will open," said the grandmother.

The wolf did so. The door opened. In rushed the big wolf and ate up the dear old grandmother.

Then as quickly as he could, he put on her nightgown and her nightcap and jumped into her bed.

He pulled the bedclothes up over his head that he might be able to fool little Red Riding Hood when she came in.

In a short time there was a gentle tap at the door.

"Who is there?" said the gray wolf, as softly as he could.

Sweetly the little girl said, "It is I, grandmother dear; it is your little Red Riding Hood."

"Pull the string, my dear, and the door will open," said the wolf.

Red Riding Hood did as she was told. She opened the door and went in.

"Oh, good morning, grandmother. See, I have some fresh sweet butter and cake for you."

"Put them on the table and come and sit beside me," said the gray wolf.

The little girl again did as she was told, but she said to herself, "How hoarse poor grandmother is!"

Then she went over to the bed and said: "See, grandmother, I picked these pretty flowers for you as I came through the woods. Smell them, for they are very sweet."

The wolf tried to smell the pretty violets, but when Red Riding Hood saw his nose she said, "Oh, grandmother, what a big nose you have!"

"All the better to smell with, my dear," said the wolf.

"And oh, grandmother, what big eyes you have!"

"All the better to see with, my dear," the wolf said.

Just then the bees that had been gathering the honey from the flowers flew over the bed and stung the wolf again and again on the nose.

This made him sneeze and sneeze, and when Red Riding Hood saw him she ran out of the house calling for her grandmother.

The wood cutter near by heard her cries and came running to see what was the matter.

He was just in time. When he saw the wolf in the grandmother's house, he killed the wolf with one blow of his ax.

Then he chopped the wolf open and out came the grandmother.

Oh, how happy was little Red Riding Hood to see her dear, dear grandmother again! She hugged her and hugged her.

Then they sat down to a nice breakfast. They had honey and rolls and sweet butter and milk.

They asked the wood cutter to stay and have breakfast with them. He did so.

The robin and the bluebird sang to them. The bees buzzed. Every one was happy.

LAUGHING SONG

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by;
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it.

When the meadows laugh with the lively green,
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene;
When Mary and Susan and Emily
With their sweet round mouths sing, "Ha, ha, he!"

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,
When our table with cherries and nuts is
spread,
Come live, and be merry, and join with me,
To sing the sweet chorus of, "Ha, ha, he!"

WILLIAM BLAKE.

THE GOSSAMER CAP OR WHEN KNIGHTHOOD CAME TO BIRDLAND

It was a bright summer day and the sunbeams were shining through the glades of the forest of Green Wood. A gentle breeze stirred the leaves of the great trees. The birds were all out of their nests enjoying the warm sunshine and chatting with one another. They made the air ring with the music of their songs.

Suddenly all was still. On the mossy carpet of the forest appeared a beautiful maiden, with hair of gold like the sun, and eyes as blue as the sky. She wore a dress of finest silk, a cloak of blue to match her eyes, and little silver shoes.

Most beautiful of all was the gossamer cap on her head. It was the color of the rose's heart and made of the finest silken web.

This maiden was the Fairy Good-to-all, who roamed at will over all the Earth. Because of her magic cap, she was unseen by mortals.

There was no cap like it in the world, for besides making Fairy Good-to-all unseen, it gave her power to do whatever she wished.

So, as she had a sweet and lovely nature, she went unseen into many a home and gave cheer and plenty to the sad and the poor.

To-day, Fairy Good-to-all felt like merry making. She wanted, like mortals, to have some fun. So she clapped her hands and her little fairy friends came dancing toward her. They came from the trees, the rocks, the sky, the earth, indeed, from everywhere, and the birds looked on in wonder.

The fairies danced and played until they were tired. Then they sat down on the mossy bank to rest.

The eagle from his perch in the old pine tree looked on and thought he had never seen a more beautiful sight, even in Bird Land.

Blue fairies, pink fairies, yellow fairies, all dancing so lightly and smiling so sweetly.

"What a beautiful cap you have!" said one of the Fairies.

"Yes, it is lovely," said another.

"I wish I might have one like it," said another.

"Ah! That can never be," said Fairy Good-

to-all. There is no cap like mine in all the world, nor in Fairyland either.

"It was made by the beautiful Arachne and she gave it to me because I pitied her.

"Listen! I will tell you about her."

THE STORY OF ARACHNE

Long years ago, fair Arachne lived in the far-off land of Greece.

Arachne boasted that she could spin and weave better than any one else. Her work was indeed very beautiful. The threads she used were fine and of lovely colors like the rainbow, and the fabrics she wove were as soft as down.

She wove pictures into her cloths too, and people came from afar to watch her at work. Even the fairies and nymphs left their homes in the groves and fountains to come and look at the beautiful cloths she made. One day, one fairy whispered to another: "How lovely it is! Minerva must have taught her!"

Arachne heard this and was very angry.

"No," she said, "I was not taught by Minerva.

Let her come and try her skill with mine. If I am defeated I will take the punishment."

Now Minerva, the daughter of Jupiter, was the wisest of the goddesses.

She saw that Arachne was growing more and more proud. She was displeased that a mortal should dare to ask to try her skill with a goddess. So she dressed herself like an old woman and went to visit Arachne.

She said: "Oh, mortal maiden, take the advice of an old woman who has lived long! Try your skill as often as you please with your fellow mortals, but enter into no contest with a goddess. Be humble and ask Minerva to forgive you!"

Then Arachne became very angry. She turned from her loom and looked at the old woman with scorn.

"I do not fear Minerva," she said. "I will willingly match my skill with hers if she dare to come here."

At this the old woman suddenly dropped her long cloak and threw off her bonnet.

There stood the beautiful goddess, the wise Minerva.

EUGENIE WIREMAN

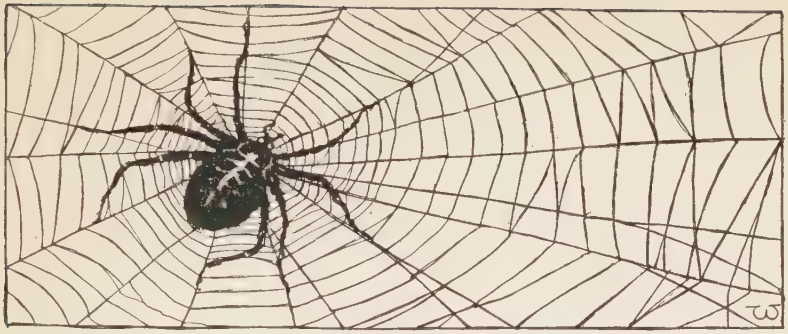
How frightened Arachne was! She trembled and turned pale. But her pride was so great that even then she would not ask forgiveness. Instead she began to prepare for the contest.

Two looms were brought. Arachne sat before one and Minerva before the other.

They began to weave and the nymphs and bystanders watched. Beautiful indeed were the fabrics they made. Both wove pictures into their cloths. Minerva wove pictures of the gods and goddesses performing great and heroic deeds, of plumed knights on prancing horses starting out to help the unfortunate.

Arachne's pictures showed the evil deeds of the gods and goddesses and their mistakes.

When all was finished Minerva looked at Arachne's work. She admired its beauty, but the pictures filled her with displeasure and disgust. She struck the web and it fell to the ground in pieces. Then she touched Arachne on the forehead and quickly Arachne saw her own error and mistake. She was so ashamed that she did not want to live, but Minerva would not let her die. To punish her for her



pride she touched her again and changed her into a spider.

So Arachne spins on and on, making her own house of her web which no mortal can weave.

Arachne once, as poets tell,
A goddess at her art defied.
And soon the daring mortal fell,
The hapless victim of her pride.

All the fairies were saddened by the fate of Arachne. To cheer them and make them happy again, Fairy Good-to-all said that they would have one more game before they went home.

So off they started swaying and swinging and

hardly touching the ground with their feet. Suddenly they heard a strange noise. It sounded like thunder and they thought a shower was near. Fairy Good-to-all, not wishing her cap to get wet, took it off and hid it in a great gray crack by the side of the path.

Then she danced away with her companions, meaning to return and get her cap when the expected shower passed away.

Now strange to say, as soon as the fairies had departed, what seemed to be a great gray stone began to move. Then slowly a great gray body stretched out and a huge gray Stone Giant stood up. He had been sleeping so soundly that he snored. It was that sound that the Fairy Good-to-all mistook for thunder.

The giant shook his big ear again and again, for it felt queer. After one very hard shake, behold, the fairy's gossamer cap fell out! Poor Fairy Good-to-all thought she was hiding her cap under a stone, while she really put it into the ear of the sleeping giant.

The gray Stone Giant was much pleased with the pretty cap. It could be stretched to any size,

so he put it on his head, and when he found that he could not be seen when he wore it he laughed with glee.

"Now I shall make war upon my foes and soon I shall become the King of Giants," he said to himself.

Then off he went, the cap on his head to see what he could do.

He met a little boy who was going fishing. He pinched the little boy and the little boy screamed and dropped his fishing rod. The boy thought a bee had stung him, though he could see nothing.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the giant.

Then the giant met a rosy-cheeked little girl swinging a basket of red apples on her arm. She was taking them to her grandmother. As she walked across a bridge the giant seized the basket and threw it into the stream.

The little girl wept. She thought the wind had flung the basket from her arm. But she could not feel the wind.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the giant.

The Stone Giant did many unkind things. He

was not at all like Fairy Good-to-all, who used her cap to do good.

He pushed people around, he took their food from them, he stepped on little people, and he fought many other giants.

Of course this was very unfair because no one could see him coming.

At last he had so much power that he felt himself a king. No one could defeat him, so he called himself the King of Giants.

"Oh, no, you are not the King of Giants!" said a very big Wooden Giant from the Forest of Pine Wood.

"You cannot stand against me!"

"Oh! ho!" said the Stone Giant, "I think otherwise."

"Let us try then," said the Forest Giant.

The Stone Giant was sure that he could defeat the Forest Giant; he wanted all the other giants to see how easily he could do it.

So he did not put the magic cap on his head, but instead he hid it under a rock.

Now the sharp eyes of the Eagle had been watching Stone Giant ever since he had the cap.

The Eagle saw the wicked and unkind things the giant did and his heart swelled with anger and sadness. He vowed he would do all in his power to obtain the magic cap and return it to the good Fairy.

As soon as the giants began their battle, the Eagle flew to the rock where the cap was hidden. The rock was so heavy that he could not move it.

What could he do to get the cap?

He began to scratch with his claws at the ground under the rock. Slowly, slowly, the Eagle dug the earth away, until at last he was able to draw out the cap.

Then he took it in his beak and flew off with it on his way to Fairy Land.

Just as he started off Stone Giant saw him. He had lost his contest with Forest Giant, and old Stone Giant was lame and unhappy.

When he saw the cap in the possession of the Eagle he said, "Alas! alas! why did I ever take it off?"

He seized his bow and sent his last arrow after the Eagle. It struck the wing of the brave bird and some of the feathers fell to the Earth.

The Eagle, though badly wounded, soared on and on until he reached the home of Fairy Good-to-all. He gave her back her magic cap.

Fairy Good-to-all put the cap on her head and in an instant her clothes were changed and she was dressed like a queen. She wore a silver cloak to match her little silver shoes and in her hand she carried a silver wand.

She clapped her hands and all the fairies came to see what was the matter.

When they saw the lovely cap again and heard of the brave and kind deed of the Eagle, all Fairy Land rejoiced.

They danced around the brave old Eagle, as Fairy Good-to-all called him before her.

Then she tapped the Eagle on his left wing with her silver wand and declared him to be the King of Birds.

So the Eagle has remained the King of Birds to this day.

Even the feathers he lost were cherished.

The Indians found them and called them the magic feathers. They believed that any Indian who wore them would be protected from harm by the Great Spirit.

It is an honor for an Indian to wear the feathers of the Eagle. Only the strongest and bravest are allowed to do so.

THE FAIRIES' RECALL

While the blue is richest,
In the starry sky,
While the softest shadows,
On the greensward lie,
While the moonlight slumbers,
In the lily's urn,
Bright elves of the wild wood,
Oh! return, return!

THE FAIRY OF TIPPERARY

Not far from the beautiful city of Cork there is a wonderful castle.

In the walls of this castle there is a magic stone, and any one who visits the castle and kisses this magic stone has great power given to him.

The castle is called "Blarney Castle," and the stone has always been called the "Blarney Stone." It is the magic stone of Ireland.

Kiss the "Blarney Stone," and your success is sure!

The country around Blarney Castle is hilly, and quite near the castle itself is a very high hill.

The grass on this hill is of a most beautiful green, and it is here that the fairies love to dwell.

They can be seen at night when the moon is round and bright, on tiptoe, dancing on the hill top.

Again they may be seen flying through the air like birds.

They go about the land doing good to all who are good. But woe unto those caught by the fairies in wrongdoing. Woe unto the proud and boastful. They are sure to come to grief.

Now it happened in those days that a young Irish lad named Terence O'Moore was watching his sheep on the hills around Blarney Castle.

One day as he lay daydreaming on the hillside he said to himself: "I am sure that the fairies would listen to me, for I fear not the fairies whoever they be. But first I must visit the Blarney Stone. I must kiss that Blarney Stone. Then I am sure the fairies will listen to me. If I do not grow rich, if I do not become a great man, it will not be the fault of Terence O'Moore."

Now you must know that fairies are funny little folk. You can never tell what they are going to do.

They love to play tricks on people and puzzle them. So as Terence lay on the hillside, this is the song he heard:

"On the ground
Sleep sound.
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy (hush-a-by)."

Half awake, half asleep, Terence lay there soothed by the song.

THE BLACK SHEEP

Among the flock of sheep that Terence watched was one black one. Terence called him Rex.

Rex ruled the flock. He led them off over the hills, into the bushes, round bogs; in fact unless Terence kept his eye on Rex, he was sure to have trouble getting his flock home at eventide.

Well, one night after the sheep were safe in the fold, Terence said to himself: "To-night the moon is full. I will go over to Tipperary and see if the fairies are out."

So whistling softly to himself an old song, "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary," he started off.

"They will be out at midnight," he said to himself, as he sat down on an old stump to await the fairies.

Just as the full round moon rose over the hill, what should he see but a black sheep standing on the top!

"Well," said Terence, in surprise, "if that is not my Rex, I am no true Irishman."

Going up to the sheep he said, "How did you get here?"

But the black sheep only nodded its head, stood on its left hind leg, and spun round and round. At last it said, "Get on my back."

Terence did so, and away they went over hill and dale, over trees and rivers, until they reached the top of Blarney Castle.

"This is a nice trick to play on me," said

Terence to the sheep as soon as he could speak. "And what shall we do here, I would like to know, perched up on the top of this place?"

"Was it for this I kissed the 'Blarney Stone'?"

"You are a brave lad, Terence O'Moore," said the black sheep, but as it spoke it changed suddenly into a most beautiful fairy. "Now what is your wish?"

"Truly, fair queen, you are so beautiful you have taken my breath away. I cannot speak, I cannot think. I can only admire my beautiful guide."

"Ah, Terence, by your words full well I know you have kissed the Blarney Stone," said the fairy, laughing.

After speaking thus, she waved her hands, and at once she was surrounded by hundreds of beautiful little fairies whose eyes shone and sparkled like the beautiful sapphire stone.

Their long dark curls floated in the breezes, as they tiptoed along the edge of the roof.

"Indeed, indeed, I am bewitched!" said Terence again and again. "But these little beauties of the Irish soil will never hurt or wrong a lone man like me."

Suddenly the fairies disappeared. They seemed to melt into the moonbeams and Terence was alone again with his fairy queen.

She stood on her left foot, turned around three times, and before him was a large dog.

The dog had a plug hat on his head. He stood on his hind legs and winked at Terence.

"And who are you? And how did you get here, may I ask?" said Terence.

In less time than it takes to tell you, the dog disappeared, hat and all, and in his place was a large fish, a real salmon, standing on its tail and looking at Terence with very sharp eyes.

"Worse and worse," said Terence. "Here I am on the top of Blarney Castle with no means of getting away and my only companion is a big fish.

"Now who are you, Mr. Fish, and how did you get here?" asked Terence.

But the fish only winked his eye, and in a trice before Terence again stood his beautiful fairy. More beautiful, more gracious than ever.

"Terence O'Moore," said the fairy, "you are a brave lad. Now before we part you must come with me to the 'Wishing Stone.'"

"You must sit on the Wishing Stone. It is now past midnight, but we can be back before sunrise."

After speaking thus, the fairy again changed into a black sheep and said to Terence, "Get on my back."

He did so. With the swiftness of lightning he shot through the air and soon found himself away in the North of Ireland at the "Giant's Causeway."

Here the fairy stopped. She pointed out the "Wishing Stone," and told Terence to sit down upon it.

"Now you may have three wishes," said his fairy guide. "Think before you wish, for you may not change your mind."

Terence did as he was commanded. He looked up at his kind fairy. All fear left him.

The moon shed her silver light all around him. A deep peace came over him.

Suddenly he stood up, and raising his right hand to the lovely sky above him, said:

"My first wish is for my country,
May she be free, happy, and prosperous.
My second wish is for her people,
May they be brave, true, and virtuous.
My last wish is for myself,
May I be the kind of man my country
will be proud of."

"You shall have your wishes. We have done a good night's work," said the fairy.

Again before him stood the black sheep.

"Get on my back," it said.

Terence again did as he was commanded. He sprang on the sheep's back, whistling to himself, "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary," and in a very short time found himself sitting on the same old stump where an hour or so before he had waited for the fairies.

"Was I dreaming?" Terence said to himself, as he rubbed his eyes.

"No," whispered the wind from the trees around Blarney Castle.

"No, no," whispered the grass and clover sparkling with dewdrops.

"Terence O'Moore, you shall have your three wishes." With these words ringing in his ears he started for home and reached there before his absence had been noticed. From that day on Terence was happy and worked with a will.

He became a rich farmer. His door was always open to the poor and suffering.

His heart was full of love for his fellow men.

Whether or not the fairies ever again visited him is not known, but he still loves to sit out in the moonlight and watch the moon rise over the hills around his beloved Tipperary.

He is certain that his wishes for the good of his country and countrymen will be fulfilled.

THE BROOK

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows,
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE TWO BROTHERS

Once there were two brothers, both of whom were soldiers.

One of these brothers was quite rich, but the other was very poor.

The poor one said to himself, "I must try to better myself," so taking off his uniform he began to dig. "For," said he, "I will be a farmer."

He dug his ground well and planted turnip seed in it.

When the plants began to grow, one was very much larger than the rest; it kept growing larger and larger. The poor soldier did not know what to do with it. He called it the "King of Turnips."

"What shall I do with my Turnip King?" he asked himself again and again. At last a bright thought came into his mind and he said, "I will take it to the king as a gift."

So putting the great turnip in his oxcart, he started off for the king's palace.

"What a wonderful turnip!" said the king. "I have seen many wonderful things in my life,

but never anything so wonderful as this turnip. Where did you get the seed of this turnip, or was it only your own good luck? If so, you are a real child of fortune."

"Indeed no," answered the poor man, "I am no child of fortune. I am only a poor soldier who could not make enough money to live upon. So I began to plant turnips in my ground."

The good king took pity on the poor soldier and said to him, "Well, well, my friend, you shall be poor no longer."

Then the king gave him gold and land and flocks; indeed he made the poor soldier much richer than his brother.

When the rich brother heard of all this and how the turnip had made his poor brother so rich, he felt angry and jealous.

At last he said, "I will make the king a rich present of gold and fine horses." For, thought he to himself, if my brother received so much for a turnip, what a wonderful gift must I receive in return for my present! Soon the rich brother reached the king's palace and offered his gifts. The king was very grateful to him and said, "I know not how to repay you except by giving you my wonderful turnip."

So the rich brother received only the wonderful turnip. He put it into a cart and dragged it home. When he reached home, he felt so angry and full of spite that he did not know what to do.

At last he made up his mind to kill his poor brother.

He hired two men to help him, and told them where to hide in the woods. Then he went to his brother and said: "My dear brother, I have found a great hidden treasure. Let us go together and dig it up; then we will share it."

The two brothers started off together, but as they passed through the woods out sprang the hired murderers. They bound the poor fellow and were going to kill him. Just then they heard a noise. The noise sounded like a galloping horse. Like all evil doers they were very much frightened, so they pushed the poor man head first into a bag, swung him up into a tree, and ran off.

The poor man worked and tugged and pulled and twisted until he got his head out of the bag.

Just then a horseman came up. He happened to be a student, a merry fellow, singing to himself as his nag trotted on.

As soon as the man in the tree saw the student passing him, he called out, "Good morning! Good morning to thee, my friend!"

The student looked everywhere and, seeing no one, cried out, "Who calls me?"

Then answered the man in the tree: "Lift up thine eyes, for behold, here I sit in the sack of wisdom; here in a short time have I learned all that man can know. In a short time I shall be wiser than the wisest of mankind. I have learned

all about the stars and the winds, the healing of the sick, the sea, and the precious stones. Wert thou but up here, friend, thou too wouldst feel and own the power of knowledge!"

The student listened to all this. At last he said: "It is indeed a blessed day and hour when I found you. May I get into your sack for a little while?"

Then the other answered, "For a short time I may allow thee to sit here, but thou must tarry below for an hour till I have learned some little matters that I am not yet sure of."

So the student sat down at the foot of the tree and waited. At last the man in the tree said: "Thou must let the sack of wisdom down gently. Untie yonder cord carefully and it will come down."

The student lowered the sack and set the man free.

"Now it is my turn," said the student, and he began to get into the sack heels first.

"Wait," said the gardener, "that is not the way." Then he pulled the sack over the student's head and swung him up the tree.

"Now, friend," said the gardener, "how dost thou feel? Rest there in peace till thou art a wiser man." With that the gardener started home.

It was not long before the rich brother came back. When he saw the student in the sack and knew not how he got there, the rich brother was frightened. However, he called and said, "What are you doing up there?"

The student answered: "I am seeking wisdom. Here I have learned to know men and see through and understand their thoughts. I am in the sack of wisdom. So bright is the Lamp of Learning up here that, unless the head be covered in the sack of wisdom, one could not live."

"Can you not let me into the sack for a short time?" asked the rich brother. "Just a little while? I wish to learn what has happened to a dear brother of mine."

Then said the student, "Untie yonder cord and lower the sack very gently, then I will let you into the sack of wisdom."

He did so. "Now," said the student, "get in quickly, head first."

The rich brother obeyed and in the twinkle of an eye found himself dangling from the very tree on which he had intended to hang his own brother.

"How dost thou feel, friend?" called the student — "Dost thou feel wiser?" With that he again mounted his nag and trotted off.

THE MILLER OF DEE

The moon is afloat like a golden boat
On the sea blue depths of the sky,
When the miller of Dee with his children three,
On a milk-white horse rode by.

I owe no penny I cannot pay,
I thank the River Dee
That turns my mill, that grinds my corn,
To feed my babes and me.

THE SUNFLOWER MAIDEN

Long, long ago there lived a beautiful maiden called Clytie.

Every morning Clytie watched for the goddess of dawn. This goddess always opened the great eastern gate of the heavens for the sun god to come forth.

Soon out he rode in his splendid chariot and started off on his journey across the sky.

Clytie loved to watch him, he was so beautiful and so strong. His hair was like spun gold and his cheeks pink like roses. Lightly he held the reins of his steeds. They pranced over the soft gray clouds which soon changed to rosy hues.

Clytie, the earthly maiden, watched him all day. She saw how every living creature loved him. The flowers lifted up their heads as he came near. The birds burst into song to greet him.

The animals in the fields frisked about. Even men awoke from sleep and with joy and pleasure began their daily tasks. Little children

laughed and sang and every growing thing was gay and happy.

Quickly the sun god traveled, and in the evening when he reached the western sea he sank out of sight. Behind him he left in the sky flaming colors and golden lights, but these quickly faded away.

When all was dark and still, Clytie was sad. Her eyes had followed him all the way. He had vanished in the west. She thought that her beautiful sun god had stepped into a boat on that distant sea.

The boat, drawn by seven swans, would carry him across to the east to his stately castle among the clouds.

Then, when the gates were opened, he would ride forth as before.

So Clytie turned her face again to the east to watch for the goddess of dawn to open the gates.

Day after day this fair maiden watched the sun god drive his flaming car across the sky.

Her lovely face was always turned toward him. In her heart was the hope that he would see her and love her. But the proud sun god

dashed past the sad-eyed maiden in a blaze of glory and never noticed her.

He saw everything with the all-seeing eyes of a god.

He saw the clouds, the flowers, the trees, the birdlings in their nests, and all the beautiful things of earth. But he passed the lovely maiden and paid no attention to her.

As time went on and the sun god never looked toward her, Clytie grew sadder and sadder. She never ceased watching for him, but she began to droop and fade. At last the gods, who felt sorry for her, changed her into a sunflower.

And so she follows the sun to this day.

Watch and you will see the big yellow sunflower turning its face toward the sun as it rides across the sky.

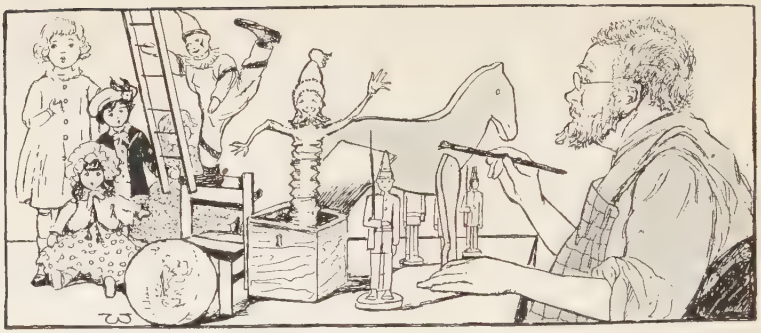
The heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her god when he sets,
The same look that she turned when he rose.

Tom Moore.

THEN SING, YE BIRDS

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May.

WORDSWORTH.



THE FAIRY DOLL

A long, long time ago there lived in a country a great way off an old man who made toys.

He was a miser and all the money he made he put away in a barrel which he hid in his cellar.

The toys he made were very wonderful. The children who went to his shops looked round and round and round. They found it hard to decide what they should buy.

There were tin soldiers and wooden soldiers. There were horses and cows, cats and dogs, lions and tigers, and monkeys and parrots.

The old man made a jack in the box too, and how the children jumped when Jack popped out!

But of all the toys the old man made, he prized his dolls the most.

There were dolls with black hair, dolls with fair hair, dolls with blue eyes, and dolls with black eyes.

But one doll was the old man's fondest pet and this one he kept hidden in a dark closet.

It was a doll of life size and very beautiful.

It had pretty, pink cheeks, a mouth like a rose-bud, and golden hair. Its eyes were blue like the sky, and altogether it was the prettiest doll you ever saw.

Now the old man had a son called Victor, whom he dearly loved, and a nephew whom he treated very unkindly.

He loved his son so much that he wanted the boy to marry a good and lovely wife, so that he would be happy all his life. Then he meant to give them the gold which he was saving.

But none of the young maidens he saw about were beautiful enough for his beloved son. He looked in every household, but could find no maiden anywhere who was worthy to become his son's wife.

None could compare in looks with his beautiful doll. None were so sweet and gentle as she.

The old man thought and dreamed until he came to believe that by means of magic he could bring his doll to life.

Then his son would have a wife worthy of himself.

So the old man studied his books of magic and waited for a dark night to work his spell.

In the meantime he went one evening to a masked ball, taking his son with him.

His nephew Paul he sent to bed without his supper. But as soon as the old man had gone Paul jumped up, dressed himself as finely as he could, and ran to the kitchen.

There sat the little maid Marie whom Paul loved dearly. She sat by the fire weeping.

Now Paul loved Marie so much he could not bear to see her unhappy.

"Marie, Marie, what troubles you? Why these tears?"

"Alas, Paul, every one seems happy, all have gone to the ball, and I sit here too poor to buy myself a gown."

Paul felt very sad indeed. But he had no money to help her.

Suddenly he thought of his uncle's doll. It was dressed in the richest of clothing.

"Marie, Marie, weep no more!" he exclaimed. "Come with me. You shall wear the doll's gown to the ball. We will go together and dance."

They opened the closet door and Marie took the rich clothes off the doll and dressed herself in them. Strange enough the doll was just the size of Marie and the clothes fitted her well.

She looked very fine indeed, for the old miser had spared no money in clothing his beautiful doll.

Her gown was made of cloth of gold and beset with gems. Her little slippers, the prettiest in the world, had diamond buckles.

Just as they were ready to go, they heard the old man at the door. He had returned early from the ball to work his magic spell and bring his doll to life.

Paul had just time to pull the doll out and hide it. He pushed Marie into the closet, shut the door, and ran out of the room.

The old man entered bending over his book

of charms. He went to the closet, opened the door, and bade the doll come forth.

He nearly fell to the floor in joy and fright when the figure stepped out.

It seemed to be alive, and it danced about at first slowly, then faster and faster as if it were a bird.

Then, the dance over, the doll began to act more strangely still.

It scattered the flowers that were in a vase. It rushed to the piano and drummed.

While this was going on, Paul entered as if surprised. He found his uncle nearly beside himself with fear. Paul watched the mad actions of Marie for a while, then he said, "Uncle, surely it is an evil spirit."

Soon the doll became quiet again and lifeless.

The poor old man believed Paul. He felt sure that some evil spirit had taken possession of his beautiful doll, and he was well frightened. So sure was he that the spirit he had called to life was an evil one, that he went to his work-room to get his sword to kill the once loved doll.

While he was away Marie flung off the doll's clothes and fled. Paul redressed the doll and placed her in the closet. He had just finished his work when his uncle returned.

The old man was now angry as well as scared.

He rushed to the closet and with his sword destroyed his beloved doll. He never tried to work magic again, and he divided his gold with his son and his nephew.

His son married a pretty village girl and was happy, for he had never wanted to marry a doll.

ARIEL'S SONG

Where the bee sucks there suck I,
In the cowslip's bell I lie,
There I couch when owls do cry,
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE EBONY HORSE

Many years ago there lived in Persia a mighty king who had three daughters. They were very beautiful, like the shining moon and budding flowers. This king had also an only son whom he loved dearly and who was as handsome as a Greek god.

One day during the New Year festival, as the king sat on his throne receiving his subjects, there came to him three wise men, called sages.

The first carried a peacock of gold, the second a trumpet of brass, and with the third was a horse made of ivory and ebony.

"What are these things and what is their use?" asked the king.

The owner of the peacock answered, "The use of this peacock is that whenever an hour of the day or night passes, it will flap its wings and utter a cry."

The owner of the trumpet said: "If this trumpet be placed at the gate of the city, it will serve as a defender. If an enemy try to enter the city, it will send forth a loud blast and he will be discovered and arrested."

The owner of the horse said, "O my lord, the use of this horse is, that if a man mount it, it will carry him to whatever country he desires."

The king said, "I will not bestow upon you any favor until I test the uses of these things."

Then he made trial of the peacock and found it to be as the owner had said.

He also made trial of the trumpet and found it as the owner had said.

Then said the king to the two sages, "Ask of me what you will."

The sages replied, "We ask that thou marry to each of us one of thy daughters."

"So be it," said the king, and he bestowed upon them two of his daughters.

Then the third sage, the owner of the horse, came before the king and, bowing low, kissed the ground.

"O greatest king of the age," said he, "give me likewise as you have given to my companions."

"When I have made trial of that which you have brought," answered the king.

Upon this the king's son came forth and said, "O my father, I will mount this horse, and make trial of it and prove its use."

"Do so, my son," said the king.

Then the king's son arose and mounted the horse and urged it to move. But it moved not, and turning to the sage he said, "Where, O sage, is the rapid pace of this horse of which you boasted?"

The sage stepped forward and showed the prince a turning pin. "Turn this pin," said the sage.

The prince did so, and behold, the horse moved and rose with him up into the sky and beyond the sight of the people and the earth.

Whereupon the prince became frightened and was sorry that he had mounted the strange horse. Then he looked all about the horse and saw on each of its shoulders a button.

He turned the button that was on the right shoulder and straightway the horse dashed upward at even a more rapid pace than before. Then he turned the button that was on the left shoulder and the horse became quieter and began to descend.

Great was the joy of the prince when he found he had learned how to manage his prancing ebony horse. He now began to enjoy his ride.

Down, down, down he rode, for the horse had carried him far away from the earth. He saw green fields and lakes like sparkling blue glass and rivers like ribbons of silver. At last he saw a fair and lovely city and decided to visit it.

The sun was about to set and the prince looked for a place to spend the night. Then in the morning he would return to his father's

palace and tell of the wonderful things he had seen.

He rode all around the city and in the midst of it he saw a beautiful palace rising high into the air. Here he thought he would be safe, so he touched the button on the left shoulder of his horse and soon came to a standstill on the flat roof of the palace.

The prince dismounted and sat upon the roof until he felt sure that every one in the palace must be asleep. Then as he was suffering from hunger and thirst, he left his horse and descended by a flight of marble steps to a courtyard paved with mosaic. On a tray he found food and drink, and partaking of it was refreshed.

Soon he beheld a light coming toward him and found that it was a party of slaves attending a beautiful maiden, tall and slender.

She was the daughter of the king of the city and lived in this lovely palace alone with her waiting maids. For so her father had decreed, until she consented to marry the ugly prince of India, whom she feared and hated.

The prince thought he had never seen so sweet and lovely a maiden.

The princess gazed at him with pleasure, for he was of comely form with a face like the shining full moon.

As they talked, he said to her, "Wilt thou journey with me to my country?"

And she replied, "Most willingly."

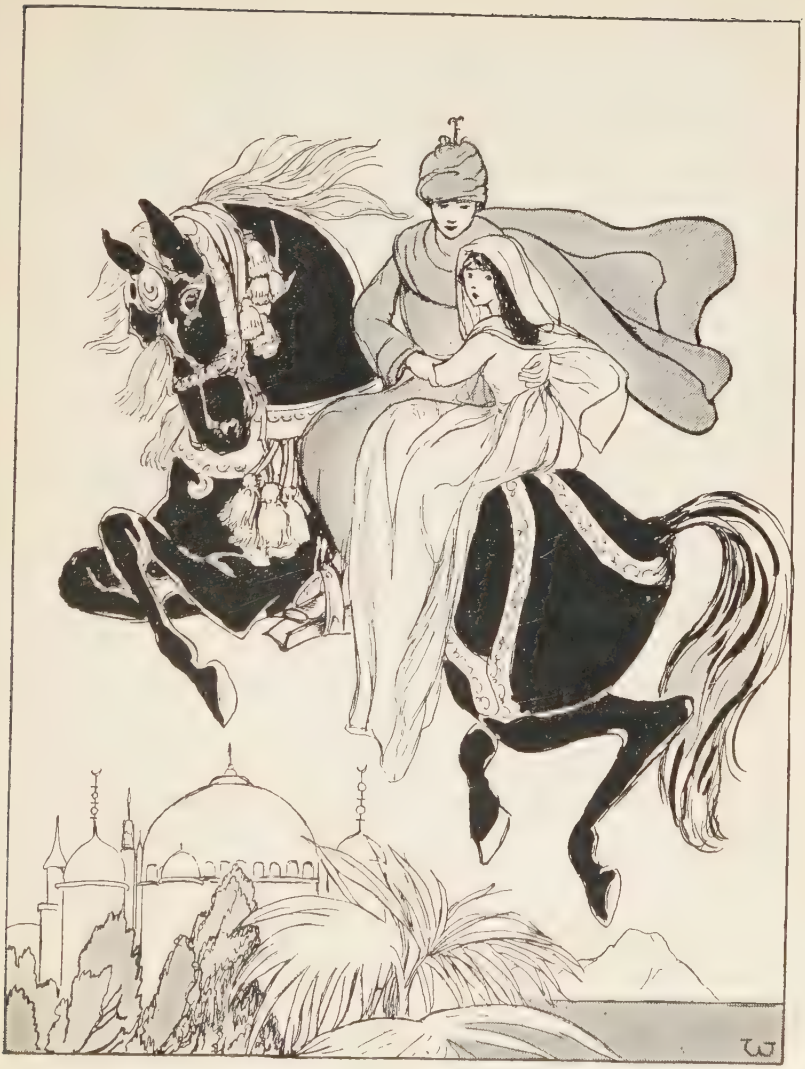
When the prince heard her words he rejoiced. Then he led her up to the roof of the palace, mounted his horse, and placed her on it behind him.

He bound her firmly and turned the pin of ascent in the right shoulder of the horse, and it quickly went up with them into the sky.

Hereupon the slaves cried out and the king her father, and the queen her mother, came in haste to the palace. They saw the ebony horse soaring away in the air, carrying their beloved daughter they knew not where.

"Come back! come back, my daughter! my pearl!" cried the king.

But the ebony horse carrying the beautiful maiden and the prince soared on and on.



THE PRINCE REACHES HOME

The prince soared on with his princess behind him and never stopped in his course through the air until he arrived at the city of his father.

At one of the palaces in the gardens, he left the princess while he went to his father to provide a procession of state so that she might enter the palace as befitted her rank.

He placed the ebony horse at the door of the room, telling her to guard it, and said, "Sit thou here until I send to thee my messenger; for I am going to my father to prepare for thee a palace."

She replied, "Do as thou wishest."

So the prince left her and went to his father, who embraced him, rejoicing at his return.

And the prince inquired of his father about the sage who made the horse, saying, "O my father, what hath fortune done with him?"

His father answered, "May God not bless the sage nor the hour in which I beheld him; for he was the cause of thy separation from us and he hath been imprisoned, O my son, since thou hast been away."

He gave orders, however, to bring the sage forth from the prison and treated him kindly, but the king would not give him his daughter to wed.

The sage was very angry at this and sorry that he had told the prince the secret of the horse and its manner of motion.

But when the king heard that his son had brought home a rich and beautiful princess, he forgot all else in his joy.

He commanded the people to decorate the city and ordered out the soldiers and grandees of his empire.

A camel litter was prepared, covered with green, red, and yellow satin and filled with ornaments and treasures. It was taken by slaves to the garden where the princess had been left waiting.

The prince went ahead of the company and entered the room where he had left the maiden, but found her not. He searched and searched, but no trace could he find either of his princess or the ebony horse.

He sought the keepers of the gardens and

inquired of them, saying, "Have you seen any one pass by you and enter this garden?"

And they answered, "We have not seen any one enter this garden but the Persian sage. He entered to gather useful herbs."

When the prince heard these words he knew that the thief who had stolen the princess was the sage.

And so it was. It happened that shortly after the prince left the maiden, the Persian sage entered the garden to collect herbs. He wandered on, led by the scent of musk which the king's daughter had always about her, until he came to the door of her room before which stood the ebony horse.

His heart was filled with joy when he saw his horse again. He examined it carefully and found it sound and perfect.

As he was about to mount it and depart the sage thought he would first enter the palace and see who was there. He did so, and found a maiden sitting alone. She was as beautiful as the shining sun. As soon as he saw her he knew she was a princess and that the king's son

had brought her from a distant land and meant to wed her.

So, as he was angry at both the prince and his father, the king, the sage made up his mind to remove the beautiful maiden.

He bowed low before her and kissed the ground.

She looked at him and found him old and ugly.

"Who art thou?" she asked.

"O my lady, I am a messenger of the king's son. He sent me to take thee to another garden near unto the city."

But she said, "O thou! Could not the king's son find any to send but thee?"

"Verily the king's son sent me because he knows I am his trusty subject."

Then the princess believed him and arose and went with him.

"What hast thou brought with thee for me to ride?" asked she.

"O my lady, the horse on which thou camest thou shalt ride."

She replied, "I cannot ride it by myself."

The sage smiled and said, "I myself will ride with thee!"

Then he mounted and placed the princess behind him. He turned the pin of ascent on the right shoulder and the ebony horse stretched himself and arose into the sky. But they came not to the garden, and in a short time the princess knew that the man was false and had played her a trick.

She wept and slapped her face and called out, "O my grief!"

But the ugly sage had no pity. He rode on and on until he came to a green country with sparkling rivers and green trees.

It was the country of the Greeks and here he landed in a meadow, near a great city.

The king of the city was that day hunting near. He saw the sage standing in the meadow with the ebony horse and the maiden by his side.

The king ordered his slaves to seize the sage and take him to prison. The ebony horse and the beautiful maiden he sent to his palace.

"This maiden is so lovely," the king said, "she shall wed with my son and be as my daughter and live among my own children."

The horse he kept carefully guarded in one of the private rooms of the palace, for he thought it was enchanted.

THE SEARCH FOR THE PRINCESS

When the king's son found that the princess and the ebony horse had disappeared, he knew it was the evil work of the sage.

He started to search for them and traveled from city to city asking every one he met if they had seen an ebony horse.

Every one was greatly astonished at his words and no one had seen such a thing. He went on and on and mourned and grew very sad, for he feared he should never see the lovely princess and the ebony horse again.

At last one evening he alighted at an inn and saw a party of merchants sitting at a table with food before them.

He seated himself near them and heard one of them say, "Oh, my companions! I have met with a wonderful thing!"

"What is it?" asked one.

"I was in a certain city of the Greeks and all the people were talking of the arrival there of a man, hideous and ugly, and a maiden young and of great beauty. They had arrived mounted on an ebony horse of strange workmanship. The horse was shapely and more beautiful than any Arab steed ever seen."

"What did the king do with them?" asked one.

"The king took the maiden to his palace and made her as one of his own daughters. He will wed her to his son. The man who was hideous and ugly of form he cast into prison.

"The ebony horse vanished. No one knows where it is save the king alone."

When the prince heard this story he took heart, found from the merchant the name of the city, and again set out to find the princess and the ebony horse.

When the prince arrived at the city it was evening and the gate-keepers would not let him see the king until morning. He was so handsome and winning that they did not cast him into prison but seated him with themselves outside the prison gates. Food was brought and after they had finished eating they sat talking together in friendly fashion.

"From what country art thou?" asked one.

He answered, "I am from Persia, the country of the ancient kings."

When they heard his answer they laughed and one of them said, "Oh, Persian, I have heard the sayings of men, but I have neither seen nor heard

of a greater liar than this Persian who is in our prison."

Then the king's son said to them, "What lie hath he uttered to you?"

They answered: "He pretendeth he is a sage. He arrived with a maiden of surprising beauty and a horse of blackest ebony, handsomer than any horse ever seen."

Then the king's son rejoiced, for he knew that he had at last found the princess and the ebony horse, and he hoped all would be well.

In the morning he was conducted to the king, who asked him his name and his reason for coming to the city.

"My name, O king, is Harja; my country, Persia. I came to learn about medicine. For I cure the sick."

Then exclaimed the king: "Thou art welcome. It may be thou canst cure the lovely maiden who arrived with the evil sage now in prison. The maiden is ill."

"Describe to me everything that thou hast learned about her illness," said the king's son.

The king did so, telling how he took her, the

horse, and the sage. How the maiden fell ill and how he cast the sage into prison.

"O happy king, and what hast thou done with the ebony horse that was with them?"

"It is in my palace in a strong room safe and sound," answered the king.

"O king, I must see the horse. It may aid me in curing the maiden."

"Most willingly," replied the king.

The king then led him to the horse and he found it sound and fit for use.

Then he was conducted to the room where the maiden lay sorely ill.

When she saw the prince she gave a great cry of joy. But quickly the prince whispered in her ear: "Be calm and strong. I will save thy life."

The next morning when he came he found the maiden well on the way to health.

She had arisen. Her slave had clothed her in royal attire and put a necklace of priceless jewels about her neck.

The king was greatly pleased at her recovery, for he wished her to wed his only son and remain in the palace. He would not allow her to leave.

But the king's son said: "O king, to make her cure complete, take her to the meadow where you found her and bring also the ebony horse. Then shall I remove the evil spirit that caused her illness and all will be well with her forever more."

The king said, "Most willingly."

So he sent forth the ebony horse to the meadow and the king with his troops went also, taking the maiden with him.

When they arrived at the meadow the king's son ordered that the maiden and the horse be placed far from the king and his soldiers. "For," said he, "I desire to burn perfumes, and then I will mount the ebony horse and mount the maiden behind me. The evil spirit will fly away."

The king rejoiced at these words.

Then the king's son mounted the horse and placed the maiden behind him, while the king and all the troops looked on.

He bound her firmly and then turned the pin of ascent on the right shoulder of the horse. Whereupon it rose with them into the air and disappeared in the blue sky.

The king watched all day for them to return and then took his troops and went back to the city, grieving for the beautiful maiden who would now never be his daughter-in-law.

The king's son, full of joy and happiness, ceased not his journey until he descended upon his own palace.

His father the king, and his mother the queen, greeted him with joy and showered presents of gold and jewels upon the fair maiden.

The prince and the maiden were wedded and lived happily ever afterward.

The king had a room of gold built for the ebony horse and placed it therein. For he thought it was enchanted.

HOW AND WHY

The bulrush nods unto its brother,
The wheat ears whisper to each other,
What is it they say? What do they there?
Why two and two make four? Why round
is not square?
Why the rocks stand still, and the light
clouds fly?
Why the heavy oak groans, and the white
billows sigh?
Why deep is not high, and high is not deep?
Whether we wake or whether we sleep?
How you are you? Why I am I?
Who will riddle me the how and why?

TENNYSON.

It was drawing near to Christmas, and Olaf the king of Norway was making ready for the great feast.

He was writing down the names of his many friends whom he wished to remember at Christmas.

"What present," said he, "shall I send my brother, the king of Denmark?"

"Oh, please your Majesty," said one of his Norsemen, "let us send him one of our white bears."

The speaker was Gunther, the chief huntsman of King Olaf.

"Yes, yes, do send one of our white bears to Denmark, that the people of that land may know what nice little kittens we here in Norway play with."

"That is a good idea, Gunther," said King Olaf. "But where can I find a bear that will travel so far and do it without causing trouble?"

"Oh!" replied Gunther, "let your Majesty leave that to me. I have a fine bear, as white as snow.

I have had him since he was a young cub. He is very tame and follows me everywhere I go. He can stand on his hind legs, and he can behave like a gentleman for a bear. If you wish, I myself will take him to your royal brother."

King Olaf was pleased with what his huntsman Gunther said, and told him to start at once with his bear for Denmark.

So early the next morning Gunther and his bear started off. He put a handsome collar on Bruin. He was very proud of his tame bear. They used to play with each other, hug each other, and dance together.

The weather was clear, bright, but cold, just what Bruin liked. And day after day they traveled on together.

At last they came to a dark forest, through which they had to pass.

Toward evening the wind began to blow and whistle. Then dark clouds began to cover the blue sky.

The clouds grew darker and darker while the wind blew louder, stronger, and colder. Besides they had very little food left, only some stale bread.

"What shall we do?" said the Norseman to himself. "Bruin and I are both cold and hungry, and here we are lost in these dark woods."

The bear shook his ears, for the wind had made him feel very cold.

"I wish I had never started for Denmark," said Gunther. Suddenly a woodman came down the road with a horse dragging a load of fire logs.

Gunther stopped him and begged for a night's lodging for himself and the bear.

The good woodman said that he would shelter the hunter for the night, but he would not care for Bruin.

Gunther begged hard for his friend, the bear. He said: "Why, this is the handsomest and best behaved bear in the world! And you must know I am taking him to the king of Denmark,

as a Christmas gift from our good King Olaf."

The woodman shook his head and said that his wife would not have such an animal in her home. Besides, he was sure his own cat and dog would run away if he brought a bear near his home, while the ducks and geese and hens would die of fright.

"So good-by, my friend; if you and Bruin must stay with each other, then you and I must part." Then he started again for home.

Gunther grumbled to himself and Bruin grunted to himself, as they both walked slowly on through the cold. "We are in for a storm, I am sure," said the Norseman to himself.

Suddenly the woodman stopped again. "Stay! Wait a minute! I have another idea! Down the road there is a vacant house. If you are not afraid of the imp who goes there every night at midnight, you could both sleep there for the night.

"But look out for the imp. My wife and I had to move away because of him. He is full of monkey tricks. He has had the house to himself ever since we moved."

"We will try it, friend," said Gunther. "Besides, anything is better than sleeping out in this shivery cold blast."

In a few minutes they reached the old house. They went in, made a fire, and sat down to rest.

"Alas, alas, what shall I do! I have nothing but a few stale crusts to eat! But we will make the best of it," said Gunther.

After eating their dry crusts and drinking some hot water, Gunther wrapped his cloak around him and lay down in a corner. Bruin rolled himself up and slept in the corner nearest the fire.

Both were soon sound asleep.

THE IMP

Just as twelve o'clock struck, there was a noise in the room. Gunther awoke.

He saw hopping into the room an ugly little imp. He had a face like a turnip, a nose like a cherry, a hump in his back, and only one eye.

On his head he had a tall red hat and wore high-heeled shoes on his feet. Such a clatter, such a noise those high-heeled shoes made!

The imp brought with him a nice fat goose, a duck, and a leg of lamb, all ready for roasting.

"It's a cold night," said the imp to himself, "but I will have a good dinner." So he put the goose and the duck and the lamb on to roast.

Then he set the table and sat down in front of the fire to wait for his food to cook. He rubbed his hands, tossed his red cap up in the air, and danced around on those high-heeled shoes.

Clickerty — clackerty — clickerty clack,
Clickerty — clackerty — clickerty clack.

Gunther lay still all the while. Oh, how nice that dinner smelled and he was so hungry!

Bruin lay rolled up like a big snowball fast asleep. After a while the imp spied him, and tiptoed over to where he lay.

"What can this be?" said the imp. "What a big cat! I never saw such a large one."

Just then Bruin raised his head and shook his ears. In doing this he showed his black snout.

THE FIGHT

"Well, who are you? Where did you come from? How did you get in? Out you go!"

Then the imp walked over to the hearth, picked up the poker, and stole back close to the bear. With all his might he struck Bruin on the head with the poker.

Bruin raised himself slowly, snorted, and again shook his ears. He scratched his head, and standing on his hind legs walked over to where the imp stood grinning.

The bear with one paw grabbed the poker and sent it spinning to the end of the room.

Then the fight began. Table, chairs, pots, and pans — everything went flying about the room.

At one time the imp would jump on Bruin's back and pull his ears. Then Bruin would catch him, toss him up in the air like a ball, and squeeze him till he roared with pain.

The fight was kept up for some time. Such biting, scratching, squeezing and hugging, squalling and growling.

At last the imp was tired. He put his red cap on his head and rushed out of the house in all the wind and storm.

"Well done, Bruin, my boy! You have taught him a lesson! And he thought you were a pussy cat," said the hunter.

"Come, let us eat his dinner." Gunther and Bruin sat down to the best dinner they had ever eaten. Roast goose, roast duck, and a leg of lamb!

In the morning they started on their journey again to the king of Denmark.

THE IMP AND THE WOODMAN

The next week as the woodman was cutting trees for firewood, he heard a little voice singing a mournful tune.

He looked around and saw his old enemy, the imp, looking very much out of sorts.

"Oh, ho!" said the woodman.

The imp jumped up, stamped his foot, and said, "See here, fellow, is that cat of yours alive yet?"

"My cat, my nice white cat? Why, to be sure she is alive and well. And listen, friend, as you seem to like white cats, you may have one of her kittens. She has five lovely white kittens."

"Five kittens!" roared the imp.

"Yes," said the woodman, "would you like to see them?

"Call in about twelve o'clock to-night. The old cat will be glad to show them to you."

"Keep your five kittens," said the imp. "Good-by! You'll see me no more!

"Bad luck to you and your old cat!

"Five kittens and the mother as big as a house!" The imp was out of sight in the twinkle of an eye.

The woodman threw after him his old red cap and cried out, "Look out for the cat!"

In a few days the happy woodman and his wife moved back to their old house, from which the imp had driven them. There they lived happy and contented.

They often talked of Bruin, the great pussy cat, that had chased away forever the trouble of their lives.

"Long live the king of Norway!" said the woodman every night after he had eaten his dinner. "Long live Bruin, the white cat!" said his wife.

KING OLAF

On the gray sands
King Olaf stands.
North and seaward
He points with his hands.

The mariners shout,
The ships swing about,
The yards are all hoisted,
The sails flutter out.

The war-horns are played,
The anchors are weighed,
Like moths in the distance
The sails flit and fade.

LONGFELLOW.

THE GOOSE MAIDEN

In the far-off, dim long ago, but how long I cannot tell you, there lived a little princess whose father was king of the country called Alsace.

They had a beautiful castle built on the top of one of the Alsatian Mountains. Every day at sunset a blue mist clung to and crowned these mountains.

And from them, here and there, clear, blue waters ran down to join the sea, so that the country around was called the "Land of the Blue Alsatian Mountains."

The king and his queen were very happy in their mountain home. Their little daughter was a beautiful child, fair as the lily with eyes of blue that sparkled and twinkled like the stars in the lovely midnight sky.

But sad to say one dark stormy day, the good king fell sick, and died.

All the love of the lonely queen was now given to her beautiful little princess whom she called Elsa.

Princess Elsa grew more beautiful as she grew older. At last the time came when she must

leave her mountain home and go to a far-off country.

She was to marry a powerful prince.

The queen, her good mother, gave her many beautiful dresses and costly things. Besides she had wonderful jewels of silver and gold. Indeed she had everything that the bride of a prince could ask for.

Added to all these blessings, Elsa had a good fairy who loved her and watched over her.

When the time came for Elsa to leave home, this good fairy gave her a charm and said, "Elsa, Elsa, guard well this charm, for it will always help you."

Elsa took the charm and hid it in her bosom. Then early the next morning she started on her journey.

One waiting maid, a clever young girl, went with her. They traveled on horseback.

Elsa's horse was called Florice. Florice was a very gentle horse and was much more intelligent than most horses, for he could talk. As she mounted her horse, the fair princess turned for a long, last look at the home of her childhood.

"Farewell! Farewell! my happy home," said Elsa, as she brushed the tears from her eyes and rode away.

The sun had risen and the day grew hot. Toward noon Elsa began to feel tired and thirsty, so she stopped her horse and called to her maid, saying: "I am very thirsty. Take my golden cup and fetch me a drink from yonder brook."

"Indeed," said her maid, "if you want water to drink get it yourself, for I am your maid no longer."

Elsa was so thirsty that she got off her horse and knelt down by the brook and drank.

As she did so the charm given her by her fairy fell into the stream and floated away.

Elsa was so frightened that she did not know that she had lost her charm, but her wicked maid knew it and was glad. "Now," said she, "I have thee in my power."

Then she jumped off her own horse and got on Florice, the beautiful talking horse of the princess, and the real bride had to walk or ride upon the other horse.

"Alas, alas," said the princess to herself, "what will become of me?"

As they drew near the end of the journey, this wicked maid said to the real princess: "If you ever tell any one about this I will have you killed at once. I, not you, will be the princess."

AT THE CASTLE

The king sat in his chamber at the end of the day, watching the moon rise, and

"Upon the forest's height,
Gleamed all golden the moonlight,
For it gilded all the leaves
Of the tree top, bright as sheaves."

He saw in the distance two young women riding toward the castle.

When they reached the royal court, there was great rejoicing. The prince hurried to meet them and lifted the maid from her horse, thinking she was the one who was to be his wife. And what a beautiful horse she was riding!

The maid said to him, "Dost thou indeed seek one to wed thee?" and he answered, "Lady! Princess! If thou wouldst wed me, I should indeed be glad."

Then this wicked maid was taken into the castle while the true princess was left in the courtyard below.

When the horses were being led to the stable by the groom, Florice turned to Princess Elsa and said:

"Bride, bride that ought to be,
Seek not yet to follow me."

The next full moon was to be the wedding eve of the prince.

"When the moon's clear golden light,
Dances through the wood at night,
Criss and cross and up and down,
Over hill and over town,
Over field and town and plain
Round the world and back again,
I shall follow, follow thee,
Follow, follow, after thee."

This was the song that Florice, the horse of the real princess, sang to her each night. For she slept at the back of the castle near the royal stables, where Florice was kept.

The false princess heard this song, so she said to the prince one day, "Pray do me a kindness."

"That I will," said the prince, "with all my heart."

"Well, then, I want the horse that I rode upon killed. He is very unruly and troublesome." Now you must know that the wicked maid was afraid of Florice. She feared he would speak and tell the truth about her.

The faithful horse was killed. When the true

princess heard of this, she wept bitterly and begged the men to nail his head over the dark gate of the castle where she could see it sometimes.

The men did as she asked.

THE KING AND THE FALSE PRINCESS

The old king often sat at a rear window in the castle. Many times he saw Elsa in the courtyard and wondered at her beauty. He said to himself, "She is too beautiful to be a servant." At last he went to the bride to be and asked who this maiden was.

"Oh," said the wicked, false maid, "she is only a little girl I brought with me. Give her some work to do."

"Work to do," said the king to himself; "this beautiful maiden cannot and must not work in the courtyard of the castle."

Then he thought of Goslin, the keeper of his geese. So the king spoke to Elsa and told her that she was to go with Goslin to the meadow and help him watch the geese.

"Yes, your majesty," replied Elsa, "I shall do as you wish." But so graceful and beautiful was this young maid that the old king was puzzled.

ELSA AND GOSLIN

Early the next morning Elsa and Goslin started for the meadow with the geese.

As Elsa passed under the gate, she looked up and saw the head of Florice nailed to the wall. She wept softly and said, "Oh, Florice, Florice! thus I see thee!" and the head answered:

> "Bride to be, bride to be,
> Soon, soon, again, I'll follow thee."

Then she went on with Goslin, out of the town, and drove the geese to the meadow.

When she reached the meadow, she sat down on the grassy bank and then let down her hair which was pure gold.

When Goslin saw her beautiful golden hair swaying in the morning breeze, he ran up to her and wanted to pull out some of it, but she cried:

"Blow, wind, blow,
Go, hat, go,
Let it be whirled,
And let it be twirled,
Till my golden locks
Are combed and curled."

Then came a great wind. It blew off Goslin's hat. He had to run away over the hills to get it. By the time he got back, Elsa had combed and curled her hair and had put it up again.

Goslin was angry and sulked the rest of the day. He would not speak to Elsa.

But she helped him watch the geese, and at eventide they drove them back to the castle.

The next morning as they were taking the geese to the meadow, the poor princess looked up at her horse's head and cried, "Oh, Florice, Florice! thus I see thee!" and again the head answered:

"Bride to be, bride to be,
Soon, soon, again, I'll carry thee."

Then she went on after the geese. When she came to the meadow she sat down and once more began to comb her hair.

Goslin ran over to her and wanted to take hold of the beautiful golden hair, but she called out loudly:

"Blow, wind, blow,
Go, hat, go,
That Elsa may comb her hair,
That Elsa may look more fair,
That the king may see,
That Elsa, not she,
Is the true, true bride to be."

Again came the breezes and away went Goslin's hat.

Over the hills and far away,
How the winds with the hat did play!

When he got back, she had bound up her hair again. So they watched the geese for the rest of the day, and as the sun was setting they drove them back to the castle.

THE KING AND THE KEEPER OF THE GEESE

That night after the geese had been safely locked up, Goslin went to the king and said, "I cannot take that girl with me again."

"Why?" asked the king.

"Well," said Goslin, "in the morning as we start off and drive our geese through the dark gate, she always cries and talks to a horse's head that hangs over the gate. She says to it, 'Oh, Florice, Florice! is it thus I see thee?' And truly, your majesty, the head answers her.

"It says:

"'Bride to be, bride to be,
Soon, soon, again, I'll carry thee!'"

Then Goslin told the king all that had happened when they reached the meadow: how the girl called to the winds to blow off his hat while she combed her beautiful hair; how the winds would come and carry his hat over the hills and keep him running after it, and how he had to leave the geese to themselves until he found his hat.

The king listened to all Goslin had to say, but told him that he must go again to-morrow.

When morning came, the king stood behind the gate where he could hear and see without being seen.

He heard how Elsa spoke to the horse and what the horse said to her.

Then he followed after her to the meadow and hid in a bush.

He saw how willingly she helped drive the geese to the meadow. Then he saw her let down her beautiful hair which shone in the sun like spun gold.

And he heard her call to the breezes:

"Blow, breeze, blow,
Go, hat, go,
That Elsa may comb her hair,
That Elsa may look more fair,
That the king may see,
That Elsa, not she,
Is the true, true bride to be!"

Then came the wind, and away went Goslin's hat, while the girl combed and curled her lovely hair.

All this the good king saw, and then he went back to the castle without being seen.

That evening the king called Elsa the goose maiden to him, and asked her why she had done those things.

She burst into tears and said: "I cannot tell you. I cannot tell you. I should lose my life if I told that secret."

But the good king said: "No, no, you are safe here with me. Tell me all."

Then the Princess Elsa told the king the story of her cruel, false maid, who was so soon to marry his son, the prince. The king listened carefully to all Elsa told him. He was thoughtful for some time, then he ordered royal robes to be put on Elsa, and her beautiful golden hair to be loosened. It hung in ringlets of gold to her waist.

Her beautiful violet blue eyes shone and sparkled with happiness.

Then the king sent for his son, the prince, and showed him the true princess from the Alsatian Mountains.

Her beauty was dazzling and the prince himself was almost speechless with joy.

Calling the false princess to him, he asked her what she meant by her acts. But she would not answer. She stood, sullen and angry, casting black looks at the true princess.

Then the king spoke and said, sadly but firmly: "False waiting maid, did you think you would succeed? Back to your own land! I give you only one hour to leave my castle. After one hour your life will not be safe."

Without saying a word to the false princess, the prince married the true Elsa and they lived in peace and happiness all their lives.

In a short time the good fairy came to see the young queen. She gave back to Elsa her

faithful horse, Florice, alive and well and happy to once more carry his beautiful mistress, the new queen.

The moon, fair mistress of the night,
With her soft clear golden light,
Dancing through the leaves so bright,
Bid me tell this tale to thee,
May it good and pleasing be!

The Song of the Princess

I have told my tale to thee,
Prince Charming.
And I love thee very well,
Better than my tongue can tell,
Prince Charming.

MINNIE AND WINNIE

Minnie and Winnie
  Slept in a shell.
Sleep, little ladies!
  And they slept well.

Pink was the shell within,
  Silver without;
Sounds of the great sea
  Wandered about.

Sleep, little ladies!
  Wake not soon.
Echo on echo
  Dies to the moon.

Two bright stars
  Peeped into the shell.
"What are they dreaming of,
  Who can tell?"

Started a green linnet
  Out of a croft.
Wake, little ladies,
  The sun is aloft!

TENNYSON.

PLAYING 'POSSUM

One day as a 'possum was walking in the woods he saw a man coming his way. "What shall I do?" he said to himself.

"I will pretend I am dead, then the man will not hurt me."

So the 'possum stretched himself out on the road, playing dead.

"Poor 'possum," said the man, "I will bury him." Then he dug a hole and buried the 'possum.

As soon as the man went on, the 'possum jumped up and ran through the woods. He got ahead of the man who was walking slowly. Then he again stretched out, playing dead.

"What! another 'possum!" said the man. He gently lifted the animal up and covered him with leaves, and then went on.

Up jumped the 'possum again, ran through the woods, got ahead of the man, stretched himself again, playing dead.

"Who could have killed so many 'possums?"

said the man to himself, and with his foot he pushed the animal out of his way.

The 'possum did not like this treatment, but he still pretended to be dead. He said to himself, "I will try again."

So, jumping up, he again ran through the woods and got ahead of the man.

As the man came up, what should he see right in his path but the 'possum stretched out!

"Bother the dead 'possums!" said the man, and picking the animal up by the tail threw him into the forest and went on.

The 'possum came down on his head with so

much force that he thought he was really dead this time.

"O dear me!" the 'possum said when he came to himself.

Then he sat up and counted his toes to see if they were all there. He rubbed his eyes, felt his ears, and gently stroked his nose.

"O dear me!" he said again to himself. Then he felt his back and looked around to see if his tail was still at the end of his back. Yes, it was there; but the man pulled it so hard he thought it must have come off.

When the 'possum was sure that he was all right, he sat down in the shade to think.

Suddenly he heard a noise over his head and looking up he saw a wise old cockatoo staring down at him.

"What what! What what!" said the cockatoo, "good for you, good for you! You should not play your tricks on a friend!"

The 'possum got up and limped off into the woods, a little wiser and sadder. He said to himself, "I was only in fun, but it does not pay to be too funny."

When the elm tree leaf is as big as a farthing,
It is time to sow kidney beans in the garden.

When the elm tree leaf is as big as a penny,
You must sow your beans if you mean to have any.

OLD ENGLISH RHYME.

THE OPOSSUM AND THE JAGUAR

One day when an opossum was walking in the woods hunting for his breakfast, he heard a strange noise and stopped to listen — "Ung, ung, ung!"

"I must see what that noise is," said the opossum.

He ran around, looking here and there; at last he saw a big jaguar shut in a deep hole.

"Why, how did you get in this hole?" asked the opossum.

"I was born here. I have been here all my life. Help me out, help me out! Do help me out!"

The opossum helped the jaguar out of the hole and said to him, "Now what will you give me for helping you?"

"Give you!" said the jaguar, "I am going to eat you! How else can I repay you for helping me?"

"One good turn," said the opossum, "should be paid for by another."

"Well, I am going to eat you."

"Wait," said the opossum, "let us go over and ask the man. He will tell us what is best to do." So together they went to the man and told him all about it.

The opossum said to the man: "Do you think it right for the jaguar to eat me when I helped him out of the hole? I was kind to him. Should he not be kind to me?"

"I must see the hole for myself," said the man. "Then I will know how much help the jaguar needed to get out of it. Take me to the hole."

They did so. The man looked into it. Then turning to the jaguar he said, "Jump in again, so that I may see how you got out."

The jaguar did so.

When the jaguar was again in the hole, the man closed it and said to him, "Now stay there until you learn that kindness should be paid for by kindness."

And he went away.

THE CITY RAT AND THE COUNTRY RAT

A city rat, one night,
  Did with a civil stoop
A country rat invite
  To end a turtle soup.

Upon a Turkey carpet
  They found the table spread,
And sure I need not harp it,
  How well the fellows fed.

The entertainment was
A truly noble one,
But some unlucky cause
Disturbed it when begun.

It was a light rat-tat,
That put their joy to rout,
Out ran the city rat,
His guest, too, scampered out.

Our rats but fairly quit,
The fearful knocking ceased.
"Return we," cried the cit,
"To finish there our feast."

"No," said the rustic rat,
"To-morrow dine with me,
I'm not offended at
Your feast so grand and free.

"For I've no fare resembling,
But then I eat at leisure,
And would not swap for pleasure
So mixed with fear and trembling."

La Fontaine.

THE RABBIT, THE COYOTE, THE WOLF AND THE GRIZZLY BEAR

The coyote was walking alone in the wood. He saw a rabbit running away, so he said to the rabbit, "Why are you running?"

The rabbit never turned his head. He called back to the coyote, "I am running away."

The coyote sat down to think. Then he said to himself: "I wonder what is the matter with Rabbit. I am sure something must have happened. Perhaps a hunter with a gun is after him. If so I might be in trouble too."

So the coyote started to run. He ran and he ran and he ran.

After a while he came to a large forest. There he saw a wolf.

When the wolf saw the coyote running, he called to him and said, "Why are you running?"

But the coyote only said, "Oh, oh, oh! I am running away!"

Then the wolf began to think and he said to himself: "Something must have happened. Perhaps a hunter with a gun is coming this way."

With that the wolf began to run too. He ran and ran and ran.

Soon the wolf came to a hill. Grizzly Bear was on the hill eating berries.

When the bear saw the wolf running so fast, he called out to him, "Why are you running?"

The wolf said, "I am running away."

Grizzly Bear stopped eating the berries and said to himself: "Something must be wrong. There is trouble somewhere. Perhaps a hunter with a gun is after us."

With that the bear began to run too, faster and faster.

After a long run the bear came to a large field of grain. At the end of the field he saw the three friends all tired out and panting.

Then Grizzly said to Wolf, "Why did you run away?"

The wolf answered, "I ran away because I saw Coyote running."

Then Grizzly Bear said to Coyote, "Why did you run away?"

Coyote answered: "I ran away because I saw Rabbit running. I was sure something must

have happened and I thought I, too, might be in trouble soon."

Then Grizzly Bear said to Rabbit, "Why did you run away?"

Rabbit sat up on his haunches, rubbed his long ears with his neat front paws, and said: "O dear me! what a shock I have had! I was sitting in the woods eating my breakfast of twigs and grass. The wind was blowing. A big leaf fell on my ear and I thought the tree was falling. So I ran away."

Then they all laughed and said, "Well, let us go home."

THE COYOTE AND THE GROUSE

An old grouse built a nice little tent for himself in the woods. There he lived with his wife, Mrs. Grouse, and their ten happy little children.

Mr. and Mrs. Grouse were very proud of their ten handsome children.

One day Mother Grouse said to her husband: "Come, let us go out and get some food. Our cupboard is almost empty."

"All right," said Father Grouse. So they started off for the lake.

Soon Mr. Coyote came along. He saw the tent where Mr. and Mrs. Grouse lived. Softly he went up to the door and looked in.

Then he went in and saw the ten happy children busy cleaning their home while their parents were out.

Some were brushing the floor with their tails.

Some were dusting by flapping their wings, and some were picking up specks and putting them in a little basket made of rushes.

Two other little grouse were setting the table for dinner.

"What a fine family Grouse has!" said Coyote to himself. "I must have them."

So he got a bag and put the ten little grouse in it. Then he started off again along the road.

He threw the bag over his shoulder and hurried toward home.

Oh, how frightened and sad the little grouse were in that dark bag!

Suddenly a bright thought came to one of the little grouse, and he said, "Let us scratch."

Then they all began to scratch. Twenty little feet very gently, without any noise, scratched and scratched and scratched.

Very soon they had a hole in the bag, and one by one they slid out and ran home.

Coyote was running right along. Suddenly he stopped. Then he said to himself, "Now I'll eat."

He put down his bag, opened it, and looked in. There was nothing.

"Ump!" said Coyote, "that is strange!"

And off he went, feeling very foolish.

COYOTE AND GRIZZLY BEAR

A coyote was sitting one day at the door of his tent. He saw Grizzly Bear standing on his hind legs on a hill near by.

Grizzly Bear was eating berries.

Coyote watched Grizzly Bear for a while, then he said to himself, "I will play with Grizzly Bear and have some fun."

So he called out, "Grizzly Bear! Short Tail!" Then he ran back into his tent to hide.

Grizzly Bear heard Coyote calling him, but he said to himself, "That is only Coyote talking; he does not know any better." So Grizzly did not turn around.

In a little while Coyote came out again and saw Grizzly Bear still eating, so he called out, "Grizzly Bear! Left-handed-one!"

Then Grizzly knew that Coyote was at his old tricks again, bothering his respectable neighbors. So he took no notice of Coyote.

After some time Coyote called again to Grizzly. He said, "Grizzly Bear! Small Eyes!"

Then he hid.

At this Grizzly Bear was angry. He stopped eating and ran at Coyote, and chased him through the woods. At last Coyote became tired and began to pant.

"Now I will catch Coyote and I'll bite him," said Grizzly to himself.

Near by was a large stone. Grizzly chased Coyote around the stone.

At last Coyote fell down beside the stone. He felt sure that Grizzly would soon bite him, but he lay there very still and thought.

Then he felt something hard near him. He looked at it and saw that the big horns of a buffalo bull were beside the stone.

At once Coyote put the horns on his paws and stood up on his hind legs in front of Grizzly and said, "F-f-f-f!"

Grizzly Bear looked over his left shoulder and then over his right shoulder and turned and ran. He ran and ran until he came to a river. Grizzly swam across the river. When he was safely across, he looked back.

Coyote was sitting down and laughing merrily. When Coyote saw Grizzly looking at him,

he called out: "Grizzly Bear, you were going to bite me! Why didn't you?"

Grizzly did not speak, but he thought to himself, "Just you wait, Coyote, my turn will come."

COYOTE AND THE DUCKS

Coyote started out one morning with his three children to look for something to eat.

Soon they came to a lake. The sun was shining and the air was warm. Everything was still.

Some wild ducks were swimming about on the lake. An old black drake was very busy catching the little flies that skim over the water.

Coyote watched the ducks and licked his lips. At last he said to his children: "That is a fine black drake swimming out there. See how quickly he catches flies for his breakfast. Let us sing to the ducks."

They sang, "Ow-oo, ow-oo, my father's brother-in-law, my brother-in-law, ow-oo!"

Then Coyote himself sang, "My brother-in-law, ow-oo, ow-oo!"

The old black drake said to his children, "Listen to the music!"

All the ducks stopped swimming about. They rested on the water to hear Coyote and his children sing.

Then one of them said, "Let us swim over and ask what he wants."

So two of the ducks swam across the lake near to Coyote.

"What do you want?" they called out to him.

"Oh, Ducky, Ducky, dear Ducky, Ducky, please let me have some feathers for my arrows," said Coyote.

"Quack, quack! Feathers for your arrows? White feathers or black feathers?" said the ducks.

"I want both black feathers and white feathers," said Coyote, "and I will pay you for them too."

"How much will you pay us?" asked the two ducks.

"I shall give you ear-rings for your feathers. Come and see them," said Coyote; "come with me."

"Caw, caw, caw!" cried an old crow from a tree top. "Caw, caw!

"Look out, look out! Keep away from Coyote, Ducky, Ducky! He is looking for a breakfast! He does not want feathers!"

When the ducks heard this, they turned and swam quickly away.

"Thank you, Jim Crow," called the ducks.

Coyote sniffed the air and said to his children: "Jim Crow is always watching other people. But for him we should have had a fine breakfast."

Then they trotted off.

Now it was Coyote's turn to listen to music. This is what he heard behind him:

"Caw, caw, caw! I saw, I saw, I saw!"

Small service is true service while it lasts.
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one;
The daisy by the shadow that it casts
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

Up and down along the ramparts paced the soldier on guard all through the lonely hours of night. He was always on the watch for the unseen enemy.

As the rising sun drove away the night mists, and the clear blue waters of the sea shone like a mirror, he saw many little monkeys swing down from the trees on the hillside, run along the great rock of Gibraltar, and put their keen little ears to the ground.

Again and again, morning after morning, they did this. They would put their ears to the ground, listen attentively, look at each other and chatter, and then run off to their homes in the trees.

The soldier watched these curious little creatures for a long time. Each morning at sunrise they would do the same thing. At last the

soldier made up his mind that he too would listen. He did so, but could hear nothing.

"It is strange," he said to himself; "these monkeys seem to have sharper ears than I have, for it is not for nothing that they come here to the rock to listen. They do not play on the rock, they do not get food here, so why do they come?"

The more he saw them doing this the more sure he felt that something strange and unusual was happening somewhere near.

One day when relieved from duty he went to his commanding officer and told him all he had seen.

The officer thanked him and commended him for his watchfulness. He himself went on guard the next night, and saw the same actions of the monkeys at early sunrise.

Certain now that something underhand and unheard-of by man was working unseen against his army, he ordered an investigation. A thorough search of the huge rock was made.

What was his surprise and horror to find that the enemy had been drilling through the rock

from below, making a pathway and getting a tunnel ready to attack him.

In a short time they would have had their tunnel finished.

The watchful eyes of the soldier had saved his regiment. But the little tree people had given the alarm as best they could.

In memory of this event the monkey was protected by law in this land for many years.

Around the hills and rocks of Gibraltar it was forbidden to catch or hurt a monkey in any way. This is not the first time in history that dumb animals have saved men from their enemies.

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st and finest, finest wear-a?
Come to the pedlar;
Money's a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE DANCE OF THE BIRDS

It was getting close to winter and Jack Frost had been out at night several times.

The trees were bare. The flowers were all faded and dead.

Some of the birds had flown away to warmer countries, but the brave little robins were still in the woods. So also were the starlings and sparrows and the friendly crows.

The squirrels and chipmunks were busy gathering their winter food and storing it in hollow trees. They had nuts of all kinds, walnuts, hickory nuts, and hazel nuts. They had pine cones and leaves.

The ground was not yet hard, so the earthworms had not gone into their winter homes, and the sharp eye of Bob Robin was on the lookout for one.

"Pow-oo, ow-oo, ow-oo!" rang through the woods.

It was a clear, autumn morning. The sun was shining and there was not a sound in the woods.

Just then Mr. Fox came along, sniffing and looking here and there for his breakfast. Not

a Jack Rabbit could he see, not even a squirrel.

"Strange!" said the fox to himself. "Everything is so still and quiet in the woods. I am not alone here, I am sure of that, but where can all the little people of the woods be?"

"Jack Rabbit, Jack Rabbit!" called the fox, "come out for a run! It is a fine morning for a race!"

But Jack Rabbit did not come out to race with Mr. Fox. He knew better.

"Well," said Mr. Fox, "the birds find something to eat, the squirrels find something to eat, the chipmunks find something to eat. I, too, must have something to eat.

"I could have had a fine duck this morning but for Farmer Smith's dog. Since that dog has come to the farm, I am half starved. I dare not show my nose near the barnyard.

"He can run like the wind and jump over a fence like a deer. I would rather meet a hungry wolf than that dog. Poor me, I must eat — but what?"

Mr. Fox sat down to think.

"You see," he said to himself, "nobody trusts

me. They trust that dog at the farm, they pet him and play with him, but when they see me — oh, the row they all make!

"But I must eat. I cannot live on nuts and leaves, turnips and corn. No, sir, I want a fat hen or a duck, or a goose. Even a turkey would be to my liking."

The fox scratched his head to make himself think harder. Suddenly he said, "I shall give a dance this afternoon at two o'clock in this very place."

THE INVITATION

Mr. Fox had no sooner made up his mind what to do than he set about doing it. He gave his loud call, "Ow-oo, ow-oo!" again and again. It rang through the still autumn woods.

"Listen," said the robins, "to the song of the fox!"

"Listen," said the bluejays, "to the song of the fox!"

"Listen, listen," said the sparrows, "to the fox singing!"

Old Jim Crow heard too and said to himself: "Now, what is Mr. Fox up to this time? I am going over to watch him. From the top of that tall oak tree I can see all that is going on."

Sad to say, even the wild duck and wild geese swimming on the lake heard the song

of Mr. Fox. They came hurrying through the woods to see what could be the matter.

"Was Mr. Fox caught in a trap?" they asked.

All the birds came hurrying as swiftly as their wings would let them to see what was the matter with Mr. Fox.

They found the fox standing in an open space, bowing to the right and to the left. He was standing on his hind legs and looking very meek for a fox.

When all were assembled, he said in his softest tones: "Welcome, my friends in feathers. You are all indeed very beautiful in your new winter coats."

At these words of praise the birds ruffled their feathers, stretched their necks, and shook their tails. Then they settled down again, and seemed not a bit afraid.

"Just listen to that old rascal!" said Jim Crow to himself.

Clearing his throat with a big swallow, "Ahem — ahem — " once again began the fox.

"My friends, I have called you together to

invite you to a dance. I want to teach you the new dance. Do you like it?"

With that the fox stood on his hind legs, balanced himself first on the left foot, then on the right, shut his eyes, and then swung round and round. He did it very gracefully and cleverly.

All the birds thought it wonderful. The poor silly geese and fat ducks were charmed and happy.

The birds flapped their wings and chirped. The ducks and geese flapped their wings, quacked, and hissed.

All but old Jim Crow applauded. He said nothing but kept both his eyes wide open.

"What is the next step?" said he to himself.

When the applause had ended and the birds had settled themselves again, the fox said to them, "Did you like the dance?" Again all the wings flapped.

"Would you like to learn how to dance?" Another flapping of wings.

"Then will you join my dancing class?" asked the fox.

Such chirping and flapping and quacking

and hissing had never been heard in the woods.

"Good!" said the fox.

THE DANCE

"We shall begin our classes at once," said the fox, who by this time was feeling really very hungry.

"Come down and form a ring all around me. Don't stand so far away," he said to the ducks and geese.

"Come in closer, so that you can see and hear well."

Again the fox stood on his hind legs, shut his eyes, and danced before the assembled birds.

"Now you try it," he said, "but be sure to close your eyes when you turn around. Otherwise you will grow dizzy, turn red, and perhaps fall.

"Ready, on toes!"

All the birds, the geese and the ducks, began to wave their wings, keeping time to the fox's count.

"Begin! Left, right — left — right, on the toes! Swing round and round and round! All eyes shut, if you do not want to turn red."

As a fat duck came near Mr. Fox with its eyes closed, he grabbed it by the neck and tossed it into a bush near by.

Next came a big fat goose. The fox grabbed the goose by the neck and tossed it after the duck.

Just then a loud "Caw, caw, caw!" again rang through the woods.

"Shame, shame, shame, Mr. Fox!" called the crow, as he flew down to the lower branches of the oak tree.

The birds flew in every direction. They bumped into each other in their efforts to get away. The ducks and geese flapped their wings, half ran and half flew back to the pond.

"Oh, Mr. Fox!" said the crow, "I saw you. You stole a duck and threw it behind the bush. But here comes the dog from the farm. Do not run, Mr. Fox. Wait here; perhaps the dog would like to learn to dance."

The fox raced away. He was very much

afraid of that dog. He knew what he would get if he were caught.

The duck and the goose behind the bush were not dead, they were only stunned. In a little while they opened their eyes and saw Jim Crow looking at them from the oak tree.

He nodded his head and said, "I thought you had more sense than to trust a fox."

"Quack, quack!" said the duck, as she started back to the pond.

"Hiss, hiss!" said the goose, "no more dancing for me!"

THE FROST

The frost is here.
The fuel is dear,
The woods are sear,
The fire burns clear,
And frost is here
And has bitten the heel of the going year.
Bite, frost, bite.
The woods are all searer,
The fuel is all dearer,
The fires are all clearer,
My Spring is all nearer.
You have bitten into the heart of the earth,
But not into mine.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

THE TIMID ANT

A beautiful wild rose grew on a sunny hillside. Its pretty pink petals turned to the rising sun through the silver mists of morning.

As the day wore on, the air became warmer and warmer, until at last the pretty pink petals drooped and nodded in the sultry afternoon heat.

As it hung on its stem with its head down, it saw a little ant.

"Oh!" said the wild rose, "what are you doing here?"

The ant looked up and said in a frightened little voice, "I have made my home here near your roots."

"Oh! very well," said the rosebush.

All day long the ant would run here and there gathering her food. She was a hard worker, never idle for one minute.

But she was always afraid of the cricket who lived close by. She thought the cricket would kill and eat her.

The fairies who came every day to the rose-

bush to gather its perfume saw the little ant.

They pitied the trembling little creature, and wondered what they could do to help her. "For," they said, "the ant is no idler like the grasshopper in the field."

At last they went to their queen and told her all about the little frightened ant.

The fairy queen smiled and said, "We will change the ant into a cricket."

She waved her wand, and at once the ant became a handsome young cricket.

The ant was much surprised. She looked

at herself, stretched her long legs, hopped about, and then said: "My! how fine I am! Now I am bigger than a hundred ants."

Then she made up her mind to hop off, see the world, and enjoy living.

She had not gone far when she saw an old mother hen with her ten little chicks scratching in the sand.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" said the cricket. "Here comes the hen. She will eat me. She is always running about and hunting grasshoppers, bugs, and grubs."

On hearing the cricket's cry of fear, the fairies came to her help, and changed her into a hen. Then she began to sing, "Cluck, cluck, cluckety cluck!"

"O dear me!" said the hen. "I hope there are no foxes near here."

Then this hen began to fear the fox who roams about at night.

So the fairies turned the hen into a big red fox.

But the fox heard the wolf, who is larger and stronger than himself.

In no time the fox was turned into a wolf.

The wolf as we all know is not so strong nor so powerful as the bear. So this wolf feared the bear.

Then the wolf was changed into a bear.

But the bear feared the lion, who was so swift to spring and so powerful to fight.

Once again the fairies came to help this coward and changed the bear into a lion.

The lion stood looking at his image reflected in the water. He saw how beautiful he was and how strong and powerful.

He opened his mouth and roared.

The hills echoed with the sound of his voice. The deer afar off heard it. They stopped eating and trembled.

The lion walked up and down whisking his long tail from side to side. Puffed up with pride, he started off for the forest.

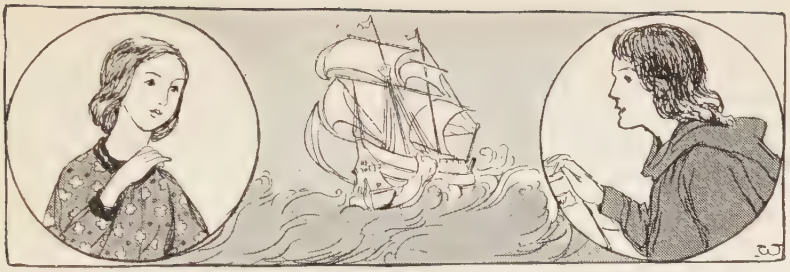
Suddenly he stopped, looked around. Then he said to himself, "There may be hunters in the forest," and he began trembling with fear.

This time the fairies did not help him, for his cowardly heart could not be changed.

"Let him be an ant again," said the fairy queen, "for no matter what we make him, he will be a coward at heart."

And in the twinkle of an eye, the lion was an ant, working at a little anthill at the foot of the wild rosebush.

Now this happened long ago,
But when and where I do not know.



DICK WHITTINGTON

Long, long ago in England there lived a little boy called Dick Whittington. His father and mother died when he was so young that he could not even remember them.

He was too young to work and he had to get along the best way he could. Sometimes the people of the village gave him something to eat, but they were themselves very poor. They had to feed their own children first, and often poor Dick got nothing but a crust of bread or a cold potato.

One day Dick was standing by the signpost in front of the village inn when a wagon drove up and stopped.

The wagon was drawn by eight horses with bells on their heads, and the driver

looked kind and good-natured. So Dick took courage and asked him if he was going to London.

For London was the one place Dick wanted to visit.

He had heard much about the city from the travelers who passed through the village. They said that it was a beautiful city, full of gay people who had all they wanted to eat, and that the streets were paved with gold.

Dick thought it would be nice to dig some of the gold out of the pavement and with it he could buy plenty of food. He had been hungry as long as he could remember and if there was a chance of going to a place like London where there was plenty of food, he was willing to do almost anything.

So he walked bravely up to the driver and said, "Please, sir, are you going to London?"

"Yes," answered the man, without looking at him.

"Then, please, may I go with you and walk by the side of your wagon?"

Then the man glanced at Dick and saw by

his ragged clothes that he was poor. When he heard that Dick was all alone in the world and that he had no home, he said that he might go if he wished.

When the driver cracked his whip, and the eight fine horses with bells on their heads started off, Dick walked proudly beside the wagon, feeling very happy.

How Dick was able to walk to London no one knows, for the distance was great and it took many days. He must have got food from kind people along the way and perhaps he slept with the horses at night or in the wagon.

Anyway, Dick reached London in safety and bade good-by to the driver. He started off to hunt for the golden streets. Instead of finding gold, he found only dirt in the streets and he had not even a bit of bread for his supper.

At last he was so tired he could go no farther and sat down on the steps of a house and cried himself to sleep.

He awoke in the morning very stiff from his

long walk and very hungry. He jumped up and walked on, asking every one he met for a halfpenny to buy bread, for by this time poor Dick was nearly starved. He was weak and sick and looked as if he would fall to the ground.

So thought a nice, fine-looking gentleman, who came along and saw him.

When Dick saw this gentleman looking at him with kind eyes, he said, "Please, sir, give me a halfpenny, I am so hungry."

"Why don't you go to work?" asked the man.

"I should like to work," answered Dick, "but I do not know where to find work. Nobody wants me."

"If you are willing to work, come with me," said the gentleman.

He took Dick to a hayfield where he worked until the hay was all put into the barn. Then there was no more for Dick to do and he was just as badly off as ever. He spent all the money he had earned in the hayfield and was again nearly starved.

After walking all day and getting no food, he lay down to rest on the doorstep of a fine house owned by a rich merchant named Mr. Fitzwarren.

He could go no farther. But there was to be no rest for poor, tired, hungry Dick.

The cook came out and she was very angry. She called to him: "What are you doing there, you lazy boy? Get away and quickly too!"

Just then Mr. Fitzwarren came home and saw Dick.

"Why are you so poor, my boy?" said he. "You seem to be old enough to work."

"Oh, sir," exclaimed Dick, "I should be glad to work, but I do not know anybody and I can get no work. I have been without food for many days. I am sick for want of food."

Then the kind merchant told his servants to take Dick into the house and give him a good dinner.

Soon Dick was quite well again and able to help the cook in the kitchen. Mr. Fitzwarren said he was welcome to stay in the house as long as he was useful.

Dick was very happy in Mr. Fitzwarren's home until the cross cook began to treat him very unkindly. She scolded him all day long and often beat him with the soup ladle or the broom.

When Alice, his master's daughter, heard of this, she took pity on the boy and ordered the cook to treat him more kindly.

From this time Dick was much happier. He had plenty to eat, his work was light, and the cook stopped beating and scolding him.

Dick was thankful indeed for this, but a new trouble arose.

His bed was in a garret where rats and mice ran around all night and kept him awake. Sometimes they jumped on his bed and ran over his face. He did not like to complain

and he did not know what to do, but soon he found a way to help himself.

One day a gentleman who was visiting his master gave Dick a penny for cleaning his shoes. Dick put it into his pocket, proud to have a penny all his own. He made up his mind to spend it for something he wanted very much.

As he was trying to decide what he should buy, a girl came along the street with a cat on her arm. Dick stopped her and said:

"Will you sell me your cat for a penny?"

"Yes, I will," she answered, "but it is very cheap, for my cat is a good mouser."

Dick quickly gave her the penny and took the cat. Then he went home and hid the cat in the garret. He saved a part of his dinner every night for puss and in return she quickly cleared the garret of rats and mice that lived there and kept him awake at night when they scampered about the room.

Now Dick slept well and was happy.

Soon after this Mr. Fitzwarren called his servants together and told them that he was send-

ing a ship to distant lands for trade. If they wished they might send something as a venture. This was the custom in England at that time, and the servants were glad to do it.

Some sent money, some sent goods, but poor Dick had nothing to send. Alice felt sorry for him and offered to lend him some money for his venture, but her father would not allow it. He said that Dick must send something of his very own.

"I have nothing of my own," said Dick, "except my cat which I bought with my penny."

"Why not send your cat, Dick?" said Mr. Fitzwarren.

Now Dick loved his cat, but he went upstairs to the garret and brought her down and with tears in his eyes gave her to the captain.

Every one laughed at Dick's strange venture, but Alice felt sorry for him and gave him money to buy another cat.

This made the cook so jealous that she began again to illtreat him and tease him, so that he made up his mind to run away. He packed the few things he had and started away early in the morning on All-Hallows Day.

He walked as far as Halloway and there sat down on a stone and began to think where he should go.

While he was thinking, the bells on Bow Church in Cheapside began to ring. Dick thought they sang to him these words:

"Turn again, turn again, Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London."

"Lord Mayor of London!" said he to himself. "Why, I would put up with almost anything now, to be Lord Mayor of London, and ride in a fine coach when I grow to be a man.

I will go back and let the cross old cook do her worst, if I am to be Lord Mayor of London at last."

Dick then arose and turned his steps toward his master's house.

When the old cook came downstairs, she found him in the kitchen scouring the pans and looking very happy and contented.

The ship with the puss on board was driven by severe winds to the coast of Barbary, where lived the Moors, a people unknown to the English.

The Moors crowded around the ship and wanted to see all the strange things on board. They thought the silks and woven fabrics very beautiful and wanted to buy them.

The captain then sent presents of his most beautiful goods to the king of the country, who was much pleased. In return the king invited the captain to come to his palace.

Here the gifts were placed on rich carpets with gold and silver flowers. The king and queen were seated at one end of the room on richly embroidered cushions.

Soon a number of dishes of dainty food were brought in for dinner.

They had not been there long before a great number of rats and mice rushed in and helped themselves from almost every dish.

The captain was surprised at this and asked the Moor at his side if the king was not displeased.

"Oh, yes," answered the Moor, "very much displeased. The king would give half the gold he possesses to be rid of the rats and mice.

"They not only destroy his dinner, as you see, but they attack him even in his bed and will not let him sleep in peace."

The captain then remembered Dick's cat. He told the king that he had a little animal on board the ship that would kill all these rats and mice.

The king was much pleased. He nodded so fast that his turban nearly fell off his head.

"Bring her to me," he said, "and if this creature which you call a cat will do what you say, I will load your ship with gold and jewels in exchange for her."

The clever captain then praised the cat, hoping to increase her value. He said he did not want to part with her because when she was gone the rats and mice might overrun his ship.

The queen said, "Run, run, and bring her to me!"

Then the captain said that to oblige her he would do so.

Away he went to the ship and when he returned, another fine dinner was brought. He carried puss on his arm and every one gazed in wonder at the soft gentle-looking little animal.

The rats and mice were on the table when he entered the room, and as soon as the cat saw them, she jumped from the captain's arms and in a few minutes killed many of them and drove the rest to their holes.

The king and queen were delighted to see the rats and mice driven off, and the queen wanted to touch the little creature who so easily and quietly defeated them.

The captain called, "Pussy, Pussy," and she

came running toward him. He picked her up and put her in the queen's lap.

The queen was at first frightened, but Pussy curled herself up and began to purr softly. She was soon fast asleep.

Then the king, having seen what the cat could do, bargained with the captain for all the ship's cargo, and gave him ten times as much more for the cat.

The captain then said farewell to the king and set sail for England. The winds were in his favor and he soon reached London.

Mr. Fitzwarren was seated one morning at his desk in his office when there came a knock at the door.

"Who's there?" asked Mr. Fitzwarren.

"A friend who brings you news of your ship, the *Unicorn*," answered a voice outside.

The merchant sprang to the door and opened it. There stood the captain and a sailor with a box of jewels and a bill of lading.

All thanked God for so prosperous a voyage. They told the merchant the story of the cat and of the gold and jewels which the queen had sent to Dick in exchange for her.

When the merchant heard of this he called to his servants:

"Go bring him, we will tell him of the same,
Pray call him Mr. Whittington by name."

Some of Mr. Fitzwarren's servants said that so great a treasure was too much for a poor boy to have, but the honest merchant replied, "God forbid I should deprive him of a single penny."

He then sent for Dick, who was busy scouring pots and was very dirty. All received him politely and the merchant ordered a chair set for him.

Dick thought it all a joke and begged them not to tease him but let him go to work again.

"Indeed, Mr. Whittington, we are all quite in earnest," said Mr. Fitzwarren, "and I rejoice at the good news these gentlemen have brought you. The captain sold your cat to the king and queen of Barbary, and he has brought you more riches than I possess. I hope you may live long to enjoy them."

Mr. Fitzwarren then told the men to open the treasure they had brought for Dick. Then he said, "Now Mr. Whittington has nothing to do but to put it in some safe place."

Poor Dick was speechless. He could hardly

believe his eyes and ears. He begged his master to take a part of it, because he had been so kind to him, but Mr. Fitzwarren refused to touch one cent.

He said, "It is all your own, Dick, and I know that you will use it well."

Then Dick asked his mistress and Miss Alice to accept a part. But none of them would do so. They all said they were glad that such good fortune had fallen to him.

Dick was too big-hearted to keep it all to himself. He gave fine presents to each of his fellow servants, even the cross cook.

Mr. Fitzwarren then advised him to send for a tailor to make him some clothes, and invited him to stay as a guest until he had time to buy a house for himself.

After a while when Dick had his new suit of clothes, his hair curled, and his hat cocked, he looked as handsome a gentleman as any who came to the house to visit. Miss Alice, who had always pitied and been kind to him, began to look at him with loving eyes, and he was always giving her beautiful presents.

Mr. Fitzwarren saw their love for each other and as he knew Dick was a worthy young man, he consented to their marriage.

The wedding was attended by the Lord Mayor, the Court of Aldermen, the sheriffs, and most of the rich men in London.

There was a merry time and a great feast.

It is said that Mr. Whittington and his wife lived in great splendor in London and were very happy.

He was sheriff of London, thrice Lord Mayor, and received the honor of knighthood from Henry the Fifth.

After the king's conquest of France, Sir Richard Whittington entertained the king and queen at dinner at his home. So magnificent was the feast that King Henry said, "Never had prince such a subject."

When Sir Richard heard this he said, "Never had subject such a prince."

The figure of Sir Richard Whittington with his cat in his arms carved in stone was placed over the archway of the old prison at Newgate, where it remained until 1780.

When Sir Richard Whittington died, the following epitaph was placed over his tomb:

Beneath this stone lies Whittington,
Sir Richard rightly named,
Who three times Lord Mayor served in London
In which he ne'er was blamed.

He rose from indigence to wealth
By industry and tact,
For lo, he scorned to gain by stealth
What he got by a cat.

All the long summer day little Roger sat on the soft green grass under the oak tree and watched the cows.

He tended them day after day, guiding them at noon to the brook to drink the cool bubbling water. Later as the shadows grew deep and the sun's rays more and more slanting, he drove them home to the farm yard.

To-day Roger was dreaming. It was very warm and the breeze had died away, so that even the cows stopped feeding and peacefully chewed their cud.

All was quiet. Roger heard no sound at all except the soft, sweet cry of the yellow bird in the oak, the chink of the grasshopper, and the hum of the bee.

The heat made him sleepy and he stretched himself at full length on the grass, his ear to the ground.

Just as he was falling into a doze, he heard a strange sound and he started up and listened.

A shrill little voice was singing:

"Tip-tap, rip-rap,
Tick-a-tack, too!
Scarlet leather sewn together
This will make a shoe.
Left, right, pull it tight;
Summer days are warm;
Underground in winter,
Laughing at the storm."

Then Roger heard the busy click of an elfin hammer, and he knew it was the fairy shoemaker.

How startled he was and how happy!

When he was a very little boy, his grandmother had told him all about this jolly little cobbler.

How he merrily plied his trade under the ground and only came out when no mortal was near.

What a very tiny elf he was, only a span and a quarter in height and yet no one had ever been able to catch him. But it was good luck even to see him.

His grandmother had sung to him this old song about the little elf:

"Get him in sight, hold him tight,
And you are a made
Man!"

For this tiny fairy shoemaker was said to be the owner of great treasures.

"Hid in the mountains, woods and rocks,
Ruin and round tower, cave and fort,
From times of old,
Guarded by him;
Each of them filled
Full to the brim
With gold."

Now Roger was a poor boy who watched the cattle day by day, supped on potatoes, and slept in the hay.

He thought it would be a great thing for him if he could seize the little fairy shoemaker and get possession of the gold.

Then thought Roger, "I might marry a duchess and ride in a carriage."

He listened and again the fairy shoemaker sang:

"Big boots a hunting,
Sandals in the hall,
White for a wedding feast,
Pink for a ball.
This way, that way,
So we make a shoe;
Getting rich, every stitch,
Tick-tack-too!"

Roger looked all around for an opening or door that would lead down into the home of the elfin cobbler.

He could see none, yet he plainly heard the click of the hammer and the shrill little voice singing:

"Tip-tap, rip-rap,
Tick-a-tack, too!
Getting rich, every stitch,
Tick-tack, too!"

Then the sun sank out of sight behind a purple cloud and Roger jumped up to drive the cows home.

The next day Roger listened again for the fairy shoemaker, but he heard nothing. Day

after day he watched and listened. At last he began to fear he should never find the little cobbler again. If he could only "Get him in sight and hold him tight," he would ask for some of the gold.

But days passed and there was no sign of the busy little elf.

One bright sunny morning Roger drove the cows to a new pasture near an old stone castle. The cattle began to eat the crisp green grass with relish, and Roger sat down at the edge of the castle ditch just where the fox-glove grew.

Suddenly, without any warning, as if springing from nowhere, there sitting in front of him was

"A wrinkled, wizened, bearded elf.
Spectacles stuck on his pointed nose,
Silver buckles to his hose,
Leather apron, shoe in his lap,
Rip-rap, tip-tap,
Tack, tack, too!"

The cobbler began to sing:

"Buskins for a fairy prince,
Brogues for his son,
Pay me well, pay me well,
When the job is done."

This was Roger's chance to seize him.

The little shoemaker stared at Roger and said, "Your servant, sir," and pulled out a snuff box.

He took a long pinch of snuff himself and politely offered it to Roger.

Roger put out his hand to seize the little elf. Just as he did so, the elf said, "Pouf!" and flung the snuff in Roger's face.

Roger sneezed and while he sneezed the fairy shoemaker was gone.

THE PRINCE WHO WANTED TO KNOW

There was once a young prince who was very fond of study. No one loved books better than he. Often, when his brothers would mount their horses and go on a hunt in the forest, he would go to his library and read.

He had books of all kinds and about all things. He read about everything that happened in the world.

There was one thing he wanted to know, and his books could not tell him. He wanted to know where the Queen of Fairies lived.

His nurse had told him when he was a little boy, that in fairyland the flowers were books. One flower was history, another flower was geography, and another was the multiplication tables.

All these flowers were made into cakes, just as we make our wheat into bread.

Now, you had only to eat a cake, and you knew all history. Then another cake, and you knew all geography. Then another cake

and you knew the multiplication tables so well that you could not fail in them.

But the best of it all was, that the more you ate, the more you knew.

Do you wonder, then, that this prince wanted to find out where the Queen of the Fairies lived?

He never forgot what his old nurse had told him. Even when he was twelve years old he would say to himself, "I wish I knew where the Queen of the Fairies lives."

THE PRINCE SEEKS FAIRYLAND

One fine day the prince made up his mind to go in search of fairyland.

He started out for the woods, for he felt sure that fairyland was there somewhere.

He was all alone, but he did not mind that. All day he walked through the woods, listening to the birds, the bees, the squirrels, and even the butterflies; but not one word did they say to him about fairyland.

Night came on. The clouds grew dark and the wind began to blow. Soon it began to

rain. It rained and rained. The poor prince was wet through. Everything he had on was soaking wet.

To make matters worse, every now and then he fell into the wet grass or stumbled over the rocks.

At last he was so wet and tired and hungry that he thought he would die.

He felt around him, for it was now too dark to see. Soon his hand struck against a large rock to his right. He climbed up to the top of it, weak and almost fainting.

Then he saw in front of him a large cave with a great fire burning in the middle of it.

Over this fire a great ox was being roasted.

The prince rubbed his eyes to make sure he was not dreaming.

No, he was not dreaming. Now he could see better. There was a great ox on a spit, which turned slowly round. Near by stood a woman who every now and then threw great logs of wood in the fire.

Suddenly the woman looked out. She saw the prince sitting on the rock in the rain.

"Come in," she called to him; "sit down here by the fire and dry yourself."

As quickly as his cold, stiff legs would take him, the prince was in the cave.

"It is very windy in here too," said the prince, as he sat down beside the fire.

"It will be worse when my sons get home," replied the woman. "This is the Cave of the Winds. I am the mother of the four winds. They will be home soon. But do not be alarmed if I am cross with them; I have to be, for they are very stiff-necked. Do you see those great bags hanging on the wall?"

"Yes," answered the prince.

"Well," said the woman, "when any one of my boys does not behave himself, into the bag he goes."

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" said the prince to himself.

THE WINDS COME HOME

Just as the woman finished telling the prince about her sons, one of them rushed into the cave.

He was North Wind. He came in covered with icicles. When he shook himself the floor

of the cave was covered with hailstones and snowflakes. He was dressed in bear skin with a sealskin cap pulled down over his ears.

"Who are you?" said North Wind to the prince, "and how did you get in here?"

"He is my guest," said the woman. "Where have you been for the past month?"

"Oh!" said North Wind, "I have been up in the Arctic Seas with the Russian hunters.

"It is splendid up there. The Polar bears were lying around on the ice, waiting for the walrus to climb up out of the icy waters. The ice is as flat as a pancake up there. It is a fine place for skating.

"Then I began to blow and whistle. I can make the Polar bear shake his ears and growl.

"I shook the snowflakes out of the sky and piled them in great drifts."

"Then you did evil," said his mother. "What good did you do?"

"What good I did, others can tell you," said North Wind. "Here comes my brother from the West!"

As he finished speaking, West Wind rushed into the cave with a great roar.

"Where have you been?" asked his mother.

"Oh, mother!" said West Wind, "I have been in America, in the great forests where the tall pine trees lock their giant branches and call to the ocean as they sway to and fro.

"I have been down mighty rivers. I have seen the buffalo and wild duck, the fields of waving grain which looked like a great sea. Then I went farther south.

"I have been turning somersaults with the wild horses. I have been shaking down cocoanuts and watching the great eagles soar up, up, up, out of sight to their mountain home."

"You are a wild boy, indeed," answered his mother. "But I love you."

"It is fearfully cold in here," said South Wind, as he rushed into the cave and over to the fire. "It is easy to see that North Wind got home first."

"It is hot enough to roast a bear in here," said North Wind.

"You are the bear, then," answered South Wind.

"Do you want to go into the bag?" asked the mother.

"Oh, no, no, mother!" replied South Wind.

"Then sit down and tell us where you have been," said his mother.

"In Africa, mother. I have been chasing lions and tigers. I have been tickling elephants' ears. I have been running races with ostriches, but I ran fastest.

"I blew down the straw huts of the Hottentots. Then I blew northward to the desert with its yellow sand. I tossed the sand in the air. Soon I met a caravan crossing the desert. I blew stronger. The men had to shut their eyes, cover their heads, and lie down. What fun I had!"

"You have done wrong," said the mother. "Into the bag you go!" And before he knew where he was, South Wind was rolled up and put into the bag.

"You have lively sons, mother," said the prince.

"That I have," she said, "but they must obey me. Here comes the fourth."

The fourth was East Wind. He raced in and looked around. He was dressed in yellow and had on a mushroom hat like a Chinaman.

"Oh! So you have been to China!" said the mother. "I thought you were going to fairyland."

"I am going there. I start to-morrow," said East Wind.

"Well, be sure you see the Fairy Queen, and bring me a jar of honey from the fairyland bees."

"Yes, yes, mother, but why did you put South Wind into the bag? Please let him out. I want him to tell me about the Phœnix bird of Egypt.

"See, mother, I have brought you two bags of tea from China; lovely fresh tea which I myself picked all for you."

"Well," said the mother, "for the sake of the tea I will let him out."

Then the mother opened the bag, and South Wind crept out. He was very much crest-fallen because he knew the prince had seen him put into the bag.

"Now let us eat," said the mother of the winds. They sat down and ate the roast ox. The prince sat next to East Wind. He wanted to know where fairyland was.

THE PRINCE GOES TO FAIRYLAND

East Wind and the prince soon became good friends. The prince begged East Wind to tell him about fairyland and about its queen.

"Just tell me how to get there," said the prince.

"Oh! If you want to visit fairyland, come with me to-morrow. I start just before sunrise."

"Wonderful, wonderful! I am delighted to go with you," answered the prince.

But what a surprise he had when he awoke the next morning and found himself sailing through the air on the back of East Wind.

On and on and on flew East Wind. After a while he said to the prince: "Now we are crossing Asia. Do you see those great mountain peaks ahead of us? They are the Himalayas, the highest mountains in Asia."

"Are we at fairyland yet?" asked the prince,

who saw so much that he grew tired looking at all the beautiful sights.

"No, not yet," replied East Wind.

Then he turned to the south, and soon the air was full of the scent of spices and flowers. In the distance could be seen the beautiful Island of Ceylon.

As East Wind came closer to the earth, the prince could see the people of Ceylon picking the tea leaves and gathering spices.

Out on the water he could see the divers going down into the ocean for pearls.

"Is this fairyland?" asked the prince again.

"No," said his friend, "but we shall soon be there now.

"Do you see that great rock rising out of the sea?"

"Yes," said the prince.

"That is the entrance to fairyland."

THE PRINCE IN FAIRYLAND

With outspread wings East Wind entered the cave of fairyland. He still had the prince on his back. But what a cave it was! Sometimes it was so low that he had to crawl. Sometimes it was so high that he could not see the top of it.

In a short time the cave seemed to melt away into the air, and the prince saw a beautiful blue light, as bright as the sun.

The air was soft and fresh, and the perfume of hundreds of roses came up from the distance.

Birds of all kinds, canaries, skylarks, robins,

swallows, darted to and fro and sang the most beautiful songs.

The prince rubbed his eyes, held his breath, spellbound at the beauty around him.

The next thing he saw was a very beautiful river. The water in this river was so clear that he could see the fish swimming about in it.

The fish seemed to be gold or silver. They had beautiful black fantails.

At the edge of the river water lilies grew. They seemed to float about and nod to each other.

There was a bridge over the river. It looked like a rainbow.

East Wind took the prince in his arms and carried him across the bridge to the Island Home of the Fairy Queen.

The flowers and trees seemed to sing to him the songs of his childhood, but so softly and sweetly that the prince fell asleep in the arms of East Wind.

In a few minutes he awoke and looked around.

On the grass near by stood a flock of peacocks with their tails outspread.

Then suddenly there appeared the loveliest fairy. She called East Wind and the prince into her palace.

The Fairy Queen was beautiful and her face beamed with joy.

She was surrounded by a band of lovely fairies, each of whom had a bright star in her hair.

"May I stay here with you?" the prince asked the queen.

"That will depend upon yourself," she answered.

"Test yourself and if you do not feel strong enough, go back home with East Wind."

"No, no, no," said the prince, "I will stay. I will stay here with you."

Soon East Wind bade the queen and prince good-by. "Be strong," he whispered to the prince, "and we shall meet again in a hundred years."

"Good-by! good-by!" sang the flowers and trees and birds as East Wind departed.

The prince was alone.

"Now we will dance," said the Fairy Queen.

"I shall dance with you, prince, at sundown. Then I shall tell you what you must do if you wish to stay in fairyland."

The sun went down.

It was then the Fairy Queen led the prince into the great hall of her palace.

This hall was filled with water lilies, white and yellow.

All the fairy attendants were in the hall, dressed now in the beautiful colors of the evening sky.

Each fairy had a golden harp upon which she played.

Such music! Such dancing! Such happiness!

The lights began to fade in the hall. The fairies slowly vanished.

Then the queen, looking more beautiful than ever, appeared to the prince.

Suddenly he heard a great clap of thunder. Lightning flashed across the sky. Louder and

louder the thunder rolled through the darkened clouds.

The fairy, the flowers, the trees, and singing birds all vanished.

The prince sank deep, deep into the awful darkness.

Soon he found himself once more at the Cave of the Winds, cold, wet, and hungry.

The woman in the cave did not invite him in this time, but looked at him angrily.

He covered his head and said to himself, "Will she put me into the bag as she did South Wind?"

He tried to run, but his legs would not go. "Mother, mother!" cried the prince.

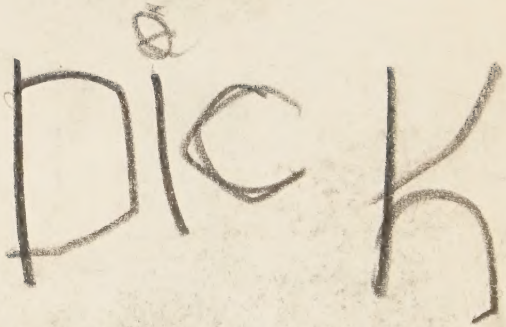
"What is it?" said a sweet voice at his side. The voice was much sweeter now than that of the Fairy Queen.

The prince opened his eyes and saw his own dear mother standing beside him.

"You have been dreaming," said his mother.

"Oh, mother," said the prince, "I know now where the Queen of the Fairies lives. She lives in dreamland."

"My boy," said the good mother, "only in the Land of Dreams are all things lovely, beautiful, and pleasant. When you grow older you will find out that the sweet things in life come only drop by drop."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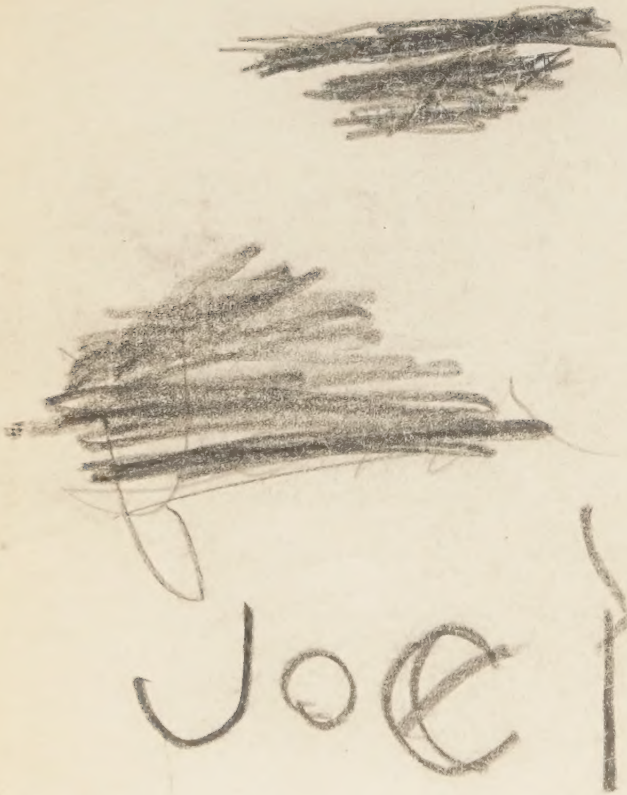
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